

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions, has been published every day since its establishment. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting, reliable, and timely news and general news, and is one of the most valuable and useful papers in the city. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at five cents. Extra copies can be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

- ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 255, Order Sons of George Washington, President: Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. 12, 10
- THE NEWPORT ANTI-CULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. McKim, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays. 12, 10
- ADAMANTHOMAS DARR, Spanish War Veterans, Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Buehler, Adjutant, Gus Segura. 12, 10
- LADIES AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of St. Bernard, (Division 1)—President, Mrs. Mary E. Sullivan, Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. 12, 10
- KNIGHTS LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. Wain, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, 10
- DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Rt. Knight Captain E. A. O. Smart, W. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays. 2, 11
- CLAN MOLLAND, No. 161—Fred S. McKim, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays. 12, 10
- NEWPORT LODGE, No. 23, Independent Order of Sons of America, 1333 Locust, President, Louis W. Cravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. 12, 10

Local Matters.

The Mercury Almanac.

The MERCURY ALMANAC for 1912 is now in course of publication and it will be by far the finest thing of the kind ever issued in Rhode Island, or for that matter in any of the six New England States. It will be wholly localized and will contain plenty of full page illustrations, made especially for this Almanac, of views in and around Newport, with views of many of Newport's latest and finest residences. It will have the usual almanac and calendar pages, with accurate tide tables, corrected for this locality. It will also contain many new features in a historic line which will make the book especially valuable. It will be ready for delivery January 1st, not before.

Dr. Frederick J. Cotton of Boston, formerly of this city, has been experimenting for some time on a radically different anesthetic, and his investigations have now reached the point where they are attracting much attention among the medical fraternity. The discoveries that he has made are regarded as of vast importance, as operating surgeons have long felt the need of something that would take the place of ether. Dr. Cotton is a son of Captain Joseph P. Cotton of this city.

The representative council will meet on Monday evening next when it is expected that the report of the special committee on Easton's Beach will be ready for consideration. This will be the last meeting at which it will be possible to take action to put a bond issue before the people at the city election on December 5th.

The work of dredging in the harbor is now being continued by a so-called ladder dredger which is somewhat of an innovation for these waters. The dredging is done by a system of buckets which work under the bottom of the dredger and discharge their contents into the scow through a chute.

On account of the serious illness of Mr. William Watts Sherman on the wedding of his daughter, Miss Mildred Sherman, to Lord Camoy, will take place today instead of on December 2nd as originally planned. Mr. Sherman has been in poor health for some time.

Mr. John D. Dickson, who has been engaged in the electrical business in Newport for many years, with a store on Bellevue avenue, has sold out his business to Edward P. Lake and has gone to New York.

The women have had a set back in California. The Attorney General of that state rules that notwithstanding the success of Woman Suffrage, the women cannot serve on jury.

Board of Aldermen.

The session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was short and uneventful, the business transacted being of a routine nature. Regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved and ordered paid. The matter of securing a new stone quarry was brought up, as it was reported that the present lease would expire in March and that the supply of available stone there is about exhausted anyway. A committee had been appointed to consider the matter but there seemed to have been a misunderstanding.

A petition from the electric light works to erect two poles on County street was laid on the table for a week. A communication calling attention to the dangerous condition of a weather vane in Touré Park was referred to the park commission.

The board held a special session as a board of canvassers on Wednesday and at that time the voting lists for the city election on December 5 were looked over and a few changes made. The final canvass for that election will be next Wednesday and all changes must be made at that time. A few personal property taxes have been paid since the State election, so these parties will be eligible to vote in December.

Department Commander Ezra Dixon of Bristol paid an official visit to Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., in this city on Wednesday evening, and the occasion proved a most enjoyable one. In addition to the members of the post there were present members of the Sons of Veterans, Lawton-Warren Post Association, and other invited guests and a pleasant social time followed the business session. Addresses were made by the Department Commander, by Senator Vice Department Commander Thomas M. Holden, Past Department Commander Charles H. Baker, and others. Judge Darius Baker gave an especially interesting talk, his remarks describing his recent visit to the battlefields of Antietam, a familiar spot to some of the men present. Songs were sung and a general good time was had.

The new Army & Navy Y. M. C. A., which was dedicated on Friday of last week, is now in good running order. Some of the sleeping rooms are occupied each night and the amusement portion of the building is well patronized by the men from the local navy. The men from the fleet have not been ashore much this week so they have not been in evidence around the building. Whether or not all the men will appreciate the gift of the apron which it was given remains to be seen.

Mr. William H. Crowther, a letter carrier attached to the local postoffice, received painful injuries on the grounds of Mr. Lordland Spencer's on Chabelux avenue Monday morning. He was driving out of the grounds in his light gig when he saw a likelihood of a collision with a heavy motor wagon in the gateway. He jumped from his carriage but received a broken leg and other injuries. He was removed to the Newport Hospital in the ambulance.

The new ferry boat Inca, which has arrived for use at the Training Station, will make the trip from Coaster's Harbor Island to the Government landing in about 12 minutes. With this addition to the fire fighting force there should not be much fear of a serious fire on the water front, as the Wave and Inca are both equipped with powerful fire pumps and the whole Atlantic ocean can be drawn upon for a water supply.

The State Returning Board is dragging slowly along and expects to finish its duties before Christmas. This week the votes in Newport city and county were counted. There was no change in any of the positions and only slight change in the majorities reported by the moderators and clerks.

The committee on tax legislation, of which Hon. Robert S. Franklin of this city is chairman, will give a public hearing in the State House, Providence, on Tuesday, December 6, and another on December 15. Everybody interested should attend these hearings which are to begin at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Thomas P. Peckham, vice president of the Newport Trust Company, quietly observed his sixty-fifth birthday on Tuesday last. He received many reminders and congratulations from friends and associates.

Steamer City of Newport has gone on the line to Providence after being overhauled and put into condition for the winter. Tuesday morning she towed the Baltimore up to Providence, and the trip proved to be rather long.

The police have brought a prosecution under the ordinance regarding the use of vehicles on the streets, and in the District Court a fine of \$10 was imposed. An appeal was taken.

Miss E. Hazelton Mott, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Sprague in this city, has returned to her home in Block Island.

Perry Centennial.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Interstate Commission of the Perry Victory Centennial was held at Cleveland on Friday and Saturday of last week. According to the Providence Journal the members of the committee present included Harry Cutler, of Providence; John P. Bauborn, Newport; George H. Worthington, Cleveland; Col. Henry Watterson, Louisville; Webster P. Huntington, Cleveland; A. S. Fieson, Erie; John J. Manning, Toledo; Milton W. Shreve, Erie; George W. Parker, Detroit; William P. Adams, Chicago; A. W. Sanborn, Ashland; Clinton B. Henrich, Troy; McKeezie R. Todd, Frankfurt, and J. Edward Meyers of Milwaukee.

Plans for the Perry Centennial in 1913 were discussed at this meeting, and it was decided that the celebration would last some months, culminating in a grand demonstration on September 10, 1913, when the construction of the million dollar memorial to Rhode Island's greatest hero will be laid. Competition for the design to be used for the memorial will close January 20, and 80 architects from all sections of the country will take part in the competition.

At this meeting it was decided that the battleship Niagara of Perry's fleet, which has lain in the bottom of the harbor of Erie, Pa., for nearly a century, should be raised, returned to its original condition and exhibited on the Lake during the summer of 1913. The work of raising this flagship is to be entrusted to the Pennsylvania commission of which Col. A. E. Simon of Erie, Auditor General of Pennsylvania, is chairman. The committee were enthusiastic in this work and believe that the summer of 1913 will witness a celebration worthy of the men and the victory.

The ships of the Second squadron of the Atlantic fleet came into Newport harbor Sunday night and Monday morning, struggling in as best they could. On account of the unusually heavy seas that prevailed outside the harbor, the ships were unable to proceed to Newport without regard to formation, the squadrons re-arranged in the harbor. Several of the ships came in during the hours of darkness Sunday night, a feat that they would not dare attempt in some harbors but which proved perfectly simple here. The others came in after daylight on Monday, and all found relief at getting into port again. The men have had practically no shore leave while the ships have been here this time, no reason being assigned for such restrictions. Reports of some recent happenings however lead to guesses which may not be more than a thousand miles wrong.

Rear Admiral Raymond Perry Rodgers has been relieved as commander of the Narragansett Bay Naval Station, and there is no longer the flag of a rear admiral flying here. Captain Albert Graves is now in command of the Station, and Captain W. L. Rodgers has succeeded Admiral Rodgers as president of the Naval War College. Both these new officers are well known in Newport, Captain Graves especially, as he has been in command of the Torpedo Station.

There was some excitement in West Extension street a little before midnight Tuesday night, when the explosion of a lamp caused a slight fire in the residence of Joseph Cappuelli. An alarm was struck from box 618, but some of the occupants wanted to jump from the windows before the department arrived. All left the house in safety however and the flames were quickly extinguished with little damage.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael M. van Beurden of New York, who recently purchased Sunnyside Farm from Mr. William R. Hunter, are planning an extensive country place there. They have added to the original holdings a fine farm of 25 acres which has been purchased from Mr. Benjamin T. Brown, giving them a total area of about 70 acres.

Barge Massachusetts of the Scully line had a slight fire while lying in the harbor last Saturday evening. The fire was caused by grease and was soon extinguished, but in the meantime there was much whistling on the part of tugs and steamers.

Mme. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who formerly occupied a cottage on Harrison avenue here during the summer season, died at her home in Washington on Sunday at the age of 72 years.

Senator and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore have arrived in New Orleans from Panama, where Senator Wetmore has been ill with pneumonia.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes has been called to Richmond, Indiana, by the serious illness of his father.

Hydro-aeroplane Here.

Newspapers may soon have opportunity to see lots of aeroplane flights, as extensive experiments are to be conducted at the Torpedo Station here in behalf of the navy. Tuesday night a large Burgess-Wright hydro-aeroplane was brought into this city from Marblehead, Mass., and the next morning it was installed in the house at the Torpedo Station, which seemed to be the only place adequate to accommodate it. Lieutenant John Rodgers will conduct the experiments and he arrived here on Tuesday. The flyer will not require a landing or starting place, being able to rise from or land upon the surface of the water.

The aeroplane was brought from Marblehead by steering Burgess in tow of an automobile and the trip was made without incident. It attracted much attention when it struck Thames street about nine o'clock in the evening, and a place for its storage over night was sought. It was finally installed at the garage of the Newport Engineering Company, until it could be taken across to the station the next morning.

The first flight of the hydro-aeroplane took place on Thursday and many Newporters had an opportunity to see their first aircraft. It flew perfectly and the tests inside the harbor, worked excellently. An attempt to launch the craft outside, from one of the big battleships, failed because of misjudgment of the movement of the ship, and one wing of the aircraft was broken in the attempt.

The aeroplane was loaded on board a lighter at the Torpedo Station Thursday morning and taken out into the harbor. Lieutenant Rodgers was ready for business and as soon as the plane rested on the surface of the water the propellers were started and she glided rapidly over the surface. After a short run the wings gradually lifted the craft from the water and it was shortly sailing through the air, the flight lasting for about ten minutes. In this time the pilot had perfect control and he directed his craft to all parts of the harbor, sailing over some of the big battleships and doing a few stunts in the air to demonstrate his control.

The machine was finally brought to rest on the surface of the water near the battleship Ohio and it was soon swung aboard the ship, which started for the open ocean. It was the intention to lower the aeroplane to the surface of the open ocean and then fly back to harbor. In launching the craft however it seemed that the battleship was at rest when in reality there was a slight movement which broke a wing of the aircraft. The experiment therefore had to be abandoned and the battleship returned to her anchorage in the harbor.

The auction sale in the Caldwell estate at the Corner of Kay and Ayrault streets, opposite the residence of Col. Charles L. F. Robinson, has attracted much attention this week, large crowds having been attracted to the place, both for the sake of bidding at the sale and to look over the house, which has not been occupied for 20 years. The estate has been rented and will be occupied on January 1st by Miss Stuart, a relative of Mr. C. Ridgely Schott of Cranston avenue. Mr. Caldwell and his two daughters are both dead and the house has stood unoccupied for many years.

PORTSMOUTH.

While visiting her sister, Mrs. John H. Arnold, in Cambridge, last week, Mrs. Susanna A. Main, widow of William D. G. Main of Portsmouth, was taken suddenly ill with acute indigestion and died within a few hours on Friday. The next day the remains were brought to the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Walker, with whom she made her home.

Mrs. Main was the third of the six children of Joseph and Ruth (Hathaway) Anthony, and was of Quaker descent. She was early baptized in the Christian Church, and was a ministering angel to a time of sickness or trouble. She was of simple domestic tastes and possessed of rare intellect. She is survived by three sisters and one brother; also one daughter, Mrs. Walker.

Services were held at the Christian Church on Tuesday and the interment was to the Main lot in the Union Cemetery. There were many beautiful floral offerings.

The annual communication of Boreas Lodge, No. 22 A. F. & A. M., was held in Masonic Hall Tuesday night, when the following officers were elected and installed for the coming year:

- W. M.—Arthur A. Sherman.
S. W.—George E. Lawton.
J. W. Albert O. Adler.
Treasurer—A. Lincoln Hamby.
Secretary—H. Frank Anthony.
Chaplain—Charles G. Thomas.
S. D.—Henry L. Davol.
J. D.—Gordon McDonald.
S. S.—James Lihney.
J. S.—Borden C. Anthony.
Marshal—Charles E. Thomas.
Sentinel—George Kennedy.
Tyler—Arthur Smith.
R. W. Reuben S. Bemis, of Providence, District Deputy Grand Master, presided over the election and installed the officers, assisted by W. Charles J. Whelden as Grand Master of Ceremonies. There was a large attendance. A collation was served at the close of the meeting.

For City Election.

Three Candidates for Mayor and Plenty of Nominees for all offices—Election is Tuesday, Dec. 5.

The tickets for the city election on December 5th are now all in the field, and it appears that there will not be any office go begging. In fact in some instances the competition is very keen, notably over the principal city office, that of Mayor. There is also some contest for every aldermanic position, there being at least two candidates in the field in each ward and in one case three men fighting for the place in the third ward. For school committee there are more candidates than there are places, so there will be some tie there. For representative council there are contests in every ward, but with more candidates in some than in others.

Mayor Patrick J. Boyle, ex-Mayor Frederick P. Garrettsen, and Alderman Jeremiah P. Mahoney have all filed their papers for the Mayoralty nomination and all are in the fight to stay. The principal interest in the city election centers in the contest for this office and before election day arrives there will probably be a campaign about as lively as takes place before the State election. Alderman Mahoney is planning a speaking campaign, having laid out dates for three evenings. Whether or not his competitors will follow his lead remains to be seen, but in any event they and their friends will doubtless do all in their power to further their chances for election. Party lines are considerably broken up in the present fight.

It is generally believed that the retiring members of the school committee will be re-elected, as the people are generally pleased with their management of the schools. The four retiring members are Dr. Darrah, Dr. Porter, Mrs. Marsh and Miss Hunter. Mrs. Marsh did not want to be a candidate again but her friends finally prevailed upon her to allow the use of her name.

There are not so many candidates for the board of aldermen this year as there have sometimes been, which will make the contest more nearly equal. Aldermen Albino, Bleyley, Ledy and Kelly are standing for re-election and in each case they are opposed. In the third ward Alderman Mahoney is running for Mayor, so there are three contestants for his position, ex-Mayor Robert C. Cottrell, Henry H. Gifford, and Frank J. Hughes.

The full list of candidates for city officers is given below. The city clerk's office was kept open until midnight Thursday night in order to give opportunity for everybody to file papers that desired to do so, and there were a few papers presented at almost the last moment. There were found fewer defective signatures than usual and only a very few papers were incomplete when the closing hour came.

The nominees are as follows:

FOR MAYOR:

- Patrick J. Boyle
Frederick P. Garrettsen
Jeremiah P. Mahoney

FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE:

- Dr. Rufus E. Darrah
Miss Anna F. Hunter
Mrs. Mary S. W. Marsh
Rev. Emory H. Porter
George O. Lovingsood
Archibald E. Lumber
Michael Stouman

FOR ALDERMEN:

- 1st Ward,
Thomas G. Albino, Jr.
Henry C. Bachelier
2nd Ward,
Andrew E. McElabon
William Bleyley
3rd Ward,
Robert O. Cottrell
Henry H. Gifford
Frank J. Hughes
4th Ward,
William H. Clarke
John E. Ledy
5th Ward,
Michael F. Kelly
James McLeish
- For Representative Council:
- First Ward—John F. Adams, Isaac W. Barker, William Brightman, J. Harry Brown, George W. Cady, William J. Carr, Philip E. Clark, William J. Christmas, Benjamin Cull, Robert A. Dausby, James T. Douglas, Philip D. Harrington, Dennis F. Houlahan, Arnold H. James, Ralph L. Kaul, Rowland S. Langley, Lars Larsen, Fred E. Lawton, Thomas Lucas, John A. Mullaly, John Parker, J. William F. Powers, Thomas E. Sherman, William H. Sherman, Henry T. Harvey, Jr., Thomas A. Hackett.
- Second Ward—William F. Adams, Francis B. Barker, Gilbert H. Barron, Harry C. Christian, Charles M. Cole, James Powell Cozzens, Benjamin F. Downing, Bartholomew Fogarty, Robert Frame, John W. Gibson, Patrick H. Hogan, William R. Harvey, William G. Landers, William S. Lawton, William MacLeod, James M. O'Connell, Harold A. Peckham, Alvan H. Sanborn, John H. Scannavay, Benjamin F. Tanner, Asenon F. Taylor.
- Third Ward—Newton Adams, Carl G. Anthony, George B. Austin, Ralph R. Baker, Jr., Fred A. Bloom, Edward L. Brown, 2nd, William Chapman, Philip E. Clark, George H. Draper, Douglas P. A. Jacoby, Max Levy, Gustave A. Muenchinger, George W. Sherman, Abraham F. Equire, William A. Burdick, Henry H. Bradley, William A. Sherman, Matthew D. Tobin.
- Fourth Ward—Karl Bostel, Bruce

Buttinton, Abraham J. Carter, Albert Commette, Francis J. Chig-Mars, James J. Dugan, Peter G. Henry, John J. Keenan, Frank Langeller, Richard J. Lawton, Anthony M. Miroldi, Thomas F. Martin, Edward J. O'Neill, Daniel F. Ryan, Daniel J. Sullivan, Robert Welch, Thomas J. Williams, French R. Chadwick, George Gordon King, Jeremiah A. Crockett, Andrew K. Quinn, Charles O. Bergholm, Mortimer D. Sullivan, Patrick J. Barus, Daniel H. Penning.

Fifth Ward—George E. Bowman, James O. Brown, Daniel Buckley, Jr., Francis P. Burns, Andrew J. Connelly, Jeremiah F. Donovan, Henry A. Kalkman, Orlan Kane, Edward A. Martin, John S. Martin, Patrick J. Morgan, Thomas E. Moran, Alexander R. O'Hanley, James Morphy, Frank D. Quinn, Michael F. Reagan, George H. Spooner, John F. Sullivan, La Verne P. Sullivan, Michael R. Sullivan, Mortimer A. Sullivan, Timothy F. Sullivan, John P. Sweeney, Timothy H. Mally.

MIDDLETOWN.

Court of Probate.—At the regular session of the Court of Probate held on Monday, the twentieth inst., the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Abram A. Brown. An inventory was presented by Maria E. Brown, the administratrix, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Mary E. Manchester. On the petition of Lewis R. Manchester, Receiver, P. Manchester appointed Administratrix do bonds non, with full annexed and required to give bond in the sum of \$1000, with William G. Albino as surety. For appraisers, John O. C. Peckham, Samuel O. Spooner and Isaac E. Gray were appointed.

Estate of John H. Manchester. Will was proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary were directed to issue to Roscom P. Manchester, as Executor, he giving his personal bond in the sum of \$4000. Appraisers appointed, John O. C. Peckham, Samuel O. Spooner and Isaac E. Gray.

Estate of Isaac Barker. The first account of Abel E. Davis, Administrator do bonds non, with full annexed, was presented and referred to the third Monday of December with an order of notice.

Estate of Laura A. Barker. The first account of Abel E. Davis, Guardian of her person and estate, was presented and referred to the third Monday of December with an order of notice.

In Town Council, William P. Sheffield on his petition, was granted permission to construct a private sewer across Fenner avenue down into Vernon avenue.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company was granted permission to lay such lines on the West Main road, as interfere with the freeness of the company's wires stretched along the same. Walter S. Barker was appointed a committee to oversee and direct the trimming.

Orders on the dog fund were granted to William Watts Sherman and Elmer Johnson of Newport in payment of Middletown's proportional part of the damages sustained by them in the killing of their dogs by dogs.

An additional appropriation of \$100 was made to each highway district for ordinary repairs.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury:

For highway work and material: Walter S. Barker, general repairs, \$51.80; for superintending construction of new road bed in Forest avenue, \$68.50; Stephen C. Barker, general repairs, \$28.20, curbing crushed stone, \$20.25; Clinton G. Smith, general repairs, \$61.00, for curbing crushed stone, \$194.00; Peckham Brothers Company, crushed stone for District No. 8, \$39.60, for Road District No. 4, \$187.01, use of steam roller, 84 days, \$127.50. Total on highways, \$1031.14.

Walter S. Barker, for filling in and cementing around foundation to new horse shed, \$18.55; Arthur A. Brigham, services as janitor of town hall, \$5.00; T. F. Pitman corporation, advertising special meeting of Public School committee and election warrant, \$22.60; Elsie A. Peckham, services as Police Constable, \$3.00; Thomas G. Ward, services as town sergeant, \$25.35; Herald Publishing Company, printing 500 ballots and advertising canvass notice, \$16.45; Thomas G. Ward, bounty due for killing nine skunks, \$4.50; Mercury Publishing Company, printing 750 voting lists, 20.00, printing and binding 600 tax books, \$110.40; The Bay State Street Railway Company, for electric light at town hall, \$3.12; John T. B. Peckham, one store used in Town Clerk's office, \$10.48; A. H. G. Hammett, lumber for bridge, \$8.22; accounts for the relief of the poor, \$81.39. Total, \$338.80. Expended on highways, \$1081.14. Total \$1420.03.

DECEASE OF SAMUEL E. HARRINGTON. Samuel E. Harrington, who died on Edward street in Newport last Sunday, had been a resident of Middletown for the greater part of his life. He had been residing in Newport only since the last of September. Newport was his birthplace, but most of his life was spent elsewhere. In January, 1855, his father, George Harrington, purchased of Abraham Anthony a small farm on Jepson lane in Middletown, and soon after moved and took up his abode there. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, his sons George and Samuel enlisted. George served for a period at the beginning of the war and during the term of his enlistment, and then returned. Samuel continued to serve until nearly, if not quite to the end of the strife in 1865, and experienced many privations and hardships which undermined his health and from the effects of which he never recovered. He first married Sophia M. Lake, daughter of Jonathan, by whom he had six children, four of whom survive their father. In the early part of the year 1886, he went South and for awhile cultivated a farm in Prince George County, Maryland. In July, 1890, his wife died and he returned to his native State. He improved the farm of his wife on Jepson lane and dealt some in fruit and vegetable, which he sold to families in Newport. Owing to ill health he had to relinquish his trade at the beginning of the present year. Mr. Harrington had inherited the mental traits of his father and had a keen observation. This coupled with quite extensive travels in various States of the Union, had increased his store of knowledge to a good extent of prominent men in the national government, especially during the existence of the war in the sixties. He could also give a graphic and interesting description of many places and events associated with that war. In October, 1892, he married at his second wife, Mary E. Scott, daughter of Henry Underwood of Newport.

The authorities in England say that Woman Suffrage will come in the United Kingdom next year.

THE MAN HIGHER UP

By HENRY RUSSELL
MILLER

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

IN the days that followed, while Bob McAdoo lay battling with death, his city learned what a hold he had taken on its heart. Perhaps in its newly discovered love it unduly magnified his finer qualities. Perhaps it too generously overlooked the sinister episodes in his career. His death had suddenly come to mean an irreparable loss, his recovery the thing most to be desired.

The newspapers daily gave minute reports of the progress of the disease. In the street cars men read first the account from his sickroom. It was the first question they asked each other when they met in street and corridor. "What is the latest word from McAdoo?" And when the discouraging word was spoken they shook their heads gravely. Prayers for his recovery were offered in the churches. As his condition grew worse the newspapers—even those owned by his enemies—hung out hourly bulletins. Before these bulletins gathered great solemn crowds.

There came a day when the news offered no hope. He had suffered two hemorrhages in quick succession. His temperature had fallen far below normal. His heart was almost pulseless. Life was barely flickering. He could live but a few hours, read the doctors' bulletins. Before the newspaper offices the great crowds waited silently, stopping traffic in the streets, forgetting hunger, sadly waiting for the end. That night a woman who had braved the dark streets alone and on foot tapped lightly at the door of McAdoo's home and asked to see Miss Flinn. Looking across the hall into the library, the visitor saw a strange group—John Dunmeade, governor of the state; Patrick Flinn, ex-policeman, and Tom Haggin, ex-pugilist and saloon keeper—sitting silent together in a common grief.

There was a rustle of skirts along the hall, and then not Kathleen, but Mrs. Dunmeade, entered the parlor. She looked at the visitor in amazement.

"Eleanor, dear!"

"Kathleen!"

And the two women were in each other's arms.

"Is he?" Eleanor began. She could not complete the question.

"The doctors say so," Mrs. Dunmeade answered quietly.

Eleanor disengaged herself from the embrace.

"Can I see Kathleen Flinn a minute?"

Mrs. Dunmeade shook her head. "I fear not, Eleanor. She is with him. And they are expecting any minute—I'll ask her." And Mrs. Dunmeade went upstairs.

A few minutes later Kathleen Flinn entered—a new Kathleen, whose face was hard and stern. She looked at Eleanor coldly.

Before Kathleen's contempt Eleanor's eyes quivered. But quickly she raised them again.

"Miss Flinn," she said, speaking challengingly, "I won't keep you long. I came—it's about that affidavit. I want to say it was all my fault. It was my brother's scheme. I didn't know about it until it was too late. But it would never have been done if I hadn't first tempted Paul to leave him. And I wanted to say this. I can't to him, but you're nearest to him. And I—can't you see—I had to make my acknowledgment before?" She stopped, looking pleadingly at Kathleen.

"We knew it," Kathleen said, still coldly, cruelly putting a slight emphasis on the "we."

Eleanor began again, miserably. "I didn't know what my brother was scheming. And I did it thoughtlessly, though that's no excuse. It was utterly contemptible. When I found out—Saturday night I tried to warn Mr. Flinn—over the telephone, but he wouldn't listen. And Monday I tried to dissuade Paul from doing it, but it was too late. I was so helpless—so helpless. But that doesn't excuse me, either. I don't expect you to forgive me. He couldn't. I can't forgive myself. But I had to tell you that I know what I did and that all my life I shall have my punishment. It—it's all I can do. Thank you for listening to me. And don't let me keep you from him."

Kathleen's face was not cold now. She took a step forward and looked closely into the younger woman's eyes.

"You—must care something for"—she pointed upward—"for him or you couldn't have come."

A sob was the only answer.

"You poor girl!" she murmured and drew Eleanor to her. And on Kathleen's shoulder the young woman wept softly.

Soon Kathleen said, "Would you like to see him?"

"Yes."

Together they went upstairs to the room where Bob McAdoo faced death. Eleanor knew that she would remember the scene always—for her punishment, she thought. A folded newspaper had been stuck in the chandeller to shade the face of the patient. The shadow accentuated the waxen pallor of his face. His head was shaven, a rough beard had grown out, the pinched features were big and bony and ugly. He might have been already dead, so motionless was he.

Eleanor gave him one long look. She could not repress a sob. The doctor at the bedside looked up with a frown. Then she turned away and

crept blindly from the room. Kathleen compassionately followed her. Eleanor sank into a chair and sobbed unrestrainedly.

"It's horrible!" she moaned. "He was so strong!"

"My poor girl!" Kathleen murmured soothingly.

Eleanor looked up wanly. "Why are you so kind to me when I have deserved so little?"

"Because," Kathleen answered softly, "I think I understand. You con-



ELEANOR GAVE HIM ONE LONG LOOK.

dem yourself too harshly, as I did. Forgive me."

Then she added: "Do you care to wait here? You are welcome."

"If I may."

And Kathleen left her alone.

Eleanor lay back in her chair. Subconsciously she took in the details of this room—the room of a man who worked. Mechanically fingering a pile of unopened letters lying on the desk, she caught the address of the one on top, "Robert McAdoo." It was his room! Here the big, lonely man, shut off from his fellows, had in anticipation fought out the battle whose issue so vitally concerned his fellows. Here perhaps, with hatred and contempt, he had thought of her. Here—she saw the telephone—he had bent down his pride and humbled himself before her whose idle, selfish vanity had brought such sorrow to him. And now he must die.

"Ah, no!" her heart protested. "It can't be true. He was so strong! He will beat back death, as he has beaten all his enemies. He will not die!"

And the faith was justified. The force had further use for Robert McAdoo.

Toward morning his heart action became perceptibly stronger and his temperature began to rise gradually. Two of the doctors left, first shaking hands with all in the room and congratulating them with an air that said, "Congratulations!" The morning newspapers carried the good news out to the city.

It was Kathleen who went in to tell Eleanor, saying simply, "He will live."

And Eleanor smiled. "I have known it."

"You put us to shame," Kathleen said. "We have had too little faith. Won't you lie down and get some rest? You are tired."

Eleanor pointed to the window. "No, it is morning now, and I can go home. You should rest yourself. And," she added simply, "I can never forget your generosity to me."

Kathleen pressed her hand gently. "When he has recovered I want you to come to him and tell him what you told me."

"Yes. But," she added in a frightened tone, "please never tell him that I was here tonight." The crisis past, the woman in her reassured itself.

"I understand—dear."

Walking wearily homeward in the gray morning, Eleanor thought:

"I will make my acknowledgment to him and then will go away forever."

And "forever" seemed a long, dreary time indeed.

One day when his strength was beginning to creep back into his body Kathleen came to his bedside.

"You haven't asked how the election came out," she said.

He smiled wearily. "I'd forgotten. I lost, didn't I?"

"Lost!" Kathleen laughed proudly. "No, indeed! You won—and by nearly 10,000. Aren't they the dear, good people?"

And it was true. Sanger had miscalculated. Paul's declaration had been received by many with the skepticism with which eleven-hour charges generally are received. Others had seen only the treachery in Paul's deed and had become even more set in their determination to vote for McAdoo. Thousands had defiantly said that they did not care and had been ready to find excuses for the bribing of the delegates. And the news of his collapse and his critical condition had been an unanswerable appeal to sympathy.

But Bob heard the news apathetically.

"I don't seem to care. I almost wish I had lost. Then I shouldn't have to go on with me signing. I wonder why they love me!"

"Don't you know?"

"What they charged was true. The delegates were bribed. They ought to have repudiated me!"

"Ah," Kathleen answered proudly, "but they love you!"

He shook his head wearily. "It was because they didn't realize."

Another day—it was the first time he was allowed to sit up in bed—when the nurse had gone out of the room for a few minutes he began the conversation himself.

"Kathleen"—he began abruptly, then stopped. "I—I talked a good deal?"

"Almost continuously."

"And you learned—everything—about—about Mrs. Gilbert?"

"Yes."

"Even what a cowardly brute I was to be at the Dunmeades?" A faint flush came to his sunken cheeks.

"Yes, even that," she answered.

His next question came after a long pause.

"A woman couldn't forgive that, could she, Kathleen?"

"Not many women, I think."

His voice became husky. "I've been thinking of that a good deal. I—I'd like to make that up to her if I could, Kathleen."

"You may have the chance some day." Long afterward, thinking over this scene, he seemed to remember that her voice was very tired; he supposed it was because the strain of the watching had been too much for her.

And he thought of many things besides his relation to Eleanor Gilbert.

When Tom Haggin, in his rough way, told him of the sorrow the people had shown for his weakness Bob felt his heart suddenly expand in a deep, strong affection for them. They were his people—he not because his machine had whipped them into submission, but because he, though unworthy, lived in their hearts.

He knew that over the land were a hundred million others like those of his city—all struggling alike, producing always, giving to humanity the equivalent for the right and means to live, giving more than the equivalent, giving more and better than they received from the world. A brave, patient, hardworking, faithful, deserving people there! Pity the man who could not feel a thrill of pride that he was one of them! Bob suddenly knew that love of one's people is a distinct, definite, overmastering emotion which exalts a man and dwarfs his petty self.

He knew of the great "common" people of the land, whose lives are being worn out in the effort to produce far more than they consume, all the while having nothing but the necessity for increased, harder effort, looking about them in dazed wonder and plaintively demanding: "Why is it that we cannot rest? Why have we nothing? Whether has it gone—that which we have created?"

Whether had it gone? He knew the answer. It glowered solemnly down at him from million dollar palaces, honked homely through the streets from costly imported automobiles, flashed brilliantly from bejeweled fingers, kept gleamingly from bejeweled shoulders, warm in the face of shivering poverty, gurgled in goblets of precious vintage, raced panting under the wire. Above all, he read the answer in the terrific power of the modern feudal system, concentrated wealth, whose machinery was slowly crushing, crunching, crunching, his people into helpless submission.

How had such things come to pass? Ah, that question he could answer, since to himself had once been a part of the system. He knew far better than did his patient, blinded people the enormous sums of money needed to fire the engines that run the nation's political machinery and whence that corruption fund came.

A nation, a great people, was being bought, was being sold into slavery.

And all this was wrong, in denial of the ideals of the commonwealth, in disobedience of the natural law which says, "Let a man's reward be measured by his value to humanity." He would do nothing to disturb the just balance of the state. To his executive brain organization and equilibrium were prime essentials. But there was—there must be—some means by which the injustice could be corrected, the world's happiness and the reward of effort more equitably distributed. He could not then propound the remedy. But one thing he knew—the remedy so long as the machinery of government remained in the power of those against whom the remedy was to apply.

What was to be his part? That question had been answered when Haggin told him of his city's sorrowing in his suffering. These people—his people! He was humbled to the dust. And he then, even in his humility, he was raised again by the inspiration that was never to forsake him.

"I have been a failure," thought this man whose brilliant success a nation was considering wondrously, "since I have missed the real meaning of life. These are my people; they need me. Let me serve!"

"Let me serve!" Kathleen repeated slowly.

It was easy to lay one's heart bare to Kathleen.

"Kathleen"—and his voice was husky, as it had been when he had spoken the same words of a woman whom he had hurt—"Kathleen, I've many things to make up to many people. And I want to do it. I have misused myself. I see it all now—what I've refused to see all my life. Kathleen, something has gone out of me."

"You mean," she said gently, "that something has come into your heart—the greatest of all things?"

He smiled at her. It seemed to Kathleen that his thin, ugly face, alight with his new inspiration, was the most beautiful in the world.

"And you will be happy, Bob, as you have never been." There was a catch in her voice.

"Kathleen," he answered gravely, "it was once my boast that I thought nothing of happiness. I'm not thinking of happiness now."

He lost himself once more in his vision, forgetting her.

She left him and went to her room to stifle. If she could, the vain hunger that had never died out of her heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FORCE—WHICH IS LOVE.

DURING the days of Bob's illness Eleanor had wandered restlessly through the big Sanger house in passionate remorse and self hate. During the time of his convalescence the restless wandering continued in mingled thanksgiving and humility. Sanger saw the change he had remarked in

Eleanor became daily more pronounced, and it passed him. Not until Mrs. Dunmeade was preparing to return home was the amazing reason discovered to him.

It was the day when the doctors finally pronounced Bob out of danger. Mrs. Dunmeade had spent the afternoon with the Flinns. Eleanor turned to her with an inquiring glance.

"He is much better," Mrs. Dunmeade answered the glance. "The doctors say that unless a relapse occurs—and careful nursing will prevent that—it is only a matter of regaining his strength."

Eleanor made no answer. But Sanger saw a strange light—him a revelation—came into her face. Eleanor quietly arose and left the room, followed by Sanger's incredulous eyes.

"Absurd! Incredible!" he muttered to himself.

Then he turned swiftly, angrily, on Mrs. Dunmeade. "Is this some of your work?"

She answered quietly. "It is the work of something which you, Henry Sanger, or I can neither help nor impede."

"Ah! I remember, your husband has a theory," he sneered.

"John recognizes a fundamental principle of existence. Some day you, I think, will recognize it as a force you can't resist. You rich men are anachronistic. You think in terms of several centuries ago. You won't see that the principle of social responsibility has come into its own—until too late to save yourselves."

"You would be impressive on the stump, Kathleen!" Sanger was his impassive self again. "But how am I concerned with that principle?"

"In this: The people that recognize it won't long tolerate your antiquated methods and philosophy. And in this: Even your triumph wouldn't bring you happiness or content; selfish victory never does, Henry. You can trample underfoot the happiness of a great people without regret. You can destroy the work of good men—and that wouldn't count with you either. But even you, Henry Sanger, have one love. And you know now that every step you take is on Eleanor's heart."

He did not answer at once. He frowned fitfully.

"I have a responsibility," he said at last, dispassionately, "to my wealth and to my class. Incidentally I have an ambition. If between them Eleanor must be hurt—I'm sorry. What you visionaries close your eyes to is that the world is ruled by its necessities, by its pocketbooks. You're on the crest of the wave now, but your time is coming. It's McAdoo's ambition and yours—or mine. It may take ten years or twenty, but in the end it will be mine; neither you nor your husband nor McAdoo—nor Eleanor—shall stand in the way. We haven't taken you reformers seriously, we men of wealth. But we haven't developed this nation's industries to let a few dreamers take them from us. Now"—his eyes gleamed—"we accept your challenge. It means war, Kathleen. And your friend McAdoo shall be the first to go under. Tell him that." He left her abruptly.

And yet that evening at dinner Mrs. Dunmeade thought she detected in his manner an unwonted gentleness toward Eleanor.

One evening Eleanor and her brother were alone at dinner. At its end he accompanied her to the library.

"Henry," she asked abruptly, "do you know where Paul Remington is?"

"I do not," he returned calmly. "He visited my office twice the day before the election. On his second visit we had a difference of opinion as to what should be done with a certain document. I maintained my position. He seemed much disturbed by that fact. I haven't heard of him since."

"Then he had the decency to be ashamed, at least."

He made no answer, although she fancied she saw a slight flush rise to his face, but it might have been the firelight. She looked at him steadily a moment.

"Under Uncle Henry's will, I believe, he left me this house and the annuity?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me the value of the annuity and buy the house from me?"

"It shall be done tomorrow," he answered abruptly. "May I ask what your plans are?"

"They aren't settled yet, except that I am going away in a few days."

"When do you expect to return?"

"Never."

"Ah! Then I am to understand that, in the parlance of the stage, I am cast off? You doubtless class me as the villain in the recent episode?"

She sighed wearily. "I blame you no more than myself—not so much. I'm not very proud of myself, Henry."

"I suppose most people would regard it a queer evidence of affection, but I care too much for you to urge you to stay, Eleanor. You're the only person I ever cared for, Eleanor."

He was manifestly telling the truth. Her astonishment was genuine and unfeigned. "Can't believe it. You cared for me—and yet you could—"

"Yes," he interrupted, still quietly. "And would do it again. My emotions are under perfect control. I beg that you make no demonstration. I understand the situation better than I did. Your feeling over that Remington matter is quite justified—from your point of view. Therefore I am ready to assist you, as far as you will allow me, in the casting off process. You have gone over to the enemy; rather, you never were on my side really. Our points of view differ radically. I think you are very wise. It will save as both some discomfort."

"That Remington affair," he continued, rising, "was very amateurish and, in so far as you were concerned, in poor taste."

"I was concerned in it all, Henry."

"For that accept my profound apologies. And now—don't you think we'd better end this little scene. My secretary will bring you the necessary papers tomorrow for your signature."

She made no answer. He left her alone. Her loneliness seemed to her immeasurable, complete.

The next day, as Sanger had promi-

ed, his secretary proceeded to have the papers necessary for the conveyance of the house and the release of the annuity; also there was placed in her hands a certified check for a generous sum.

Eleanor could arow her love to Paul, to Kathleen, to Mrs. Dunmeade, but the fear lest she betray her heart to Job stirred up agonies of pride. But one day she summoned her resolution and went bravely forth to abase herself before the man who, she believed, must hate her bitterly. More than

once her heart failed her, crying out "I can't!" to be answered with "You must!"

Fear of him and of his judgment fell from her. For one thrilling instant she looked at him, the mask of expression drawn aside, all her heart in her eyes.

He did not observe her entrance at once. He was reclining in his big chair by the window, a heavy shawl thrown loosely around his shoulders. The ravages of his illness were plainly apparent. The big hands, white and bony, drooped listlessly from the chair's arms. In his eyes was the tired, wistful expression peculiar to fever convalescence. She felt in them still another quality, a deep sadness bred of no mere physical weakness.

He felt her gaze. His head turned slowly to face her. He looked at her wonderingly, without speaking. His hand brushed across his forehead in a troubled gesture, as one would brush aside a dream that lingers overlong. She strove to give her words a conventional tone.

"I'm glad you are recovering so rapidly, Mr. McAdoo."

His face lighted up in an incredulous eagerness.

"Are you—really? I was just thinking of you. And sometimes my fancies get the better of me nowadays."

He got to his feet uncertainly. She saw the effort it cost him in his weakness. She put her gloved hand in his; he caught it in a strong clasp.

"You mustn't stand," she said anxiously. "You aren't strong yet."

He sank back into his chair. As he did so the shawl fell from his shoulders. Tremblingly he stooped to recover it. But she was swifter than he. She threw it around him again. As she drew her arm away it brushed against him. For the first time their eyes looked away.

She took the chair where Kathleen had been. It was he who at last broke the silence. The words fell haltingly, uncertainly.

"I can't quite realize it. Often I have thought of you being here—there are so many things I wanted to say to you. Now—seeing you there—in that chair!"

She turned to him eagerly, her eyes pleading with him not to misunderstand. "I had to come—to acknowledge my fault."

"Your fault? But?"

"Yes. My shameful fault! Don't you see, I owed it to myself to come."

"You mean—Paul Remington? But that is not your fault. I—I only am responsible for that. I tried to shape his life after mine—a poor model, Mrs. Gilbert. I tried to cut him off from his happiness. Being what he was, he had to learn me. And there were others—who were tempting him. We were too much for him."

"Ah, but I made it easy for him to yield by making him discontented!"

"It began before that. But that was your right too. I tried to cut you off from your happiness."

"But—it makes what I did the more shameful—my happiness was not involved, Mr. McAdoo."

He shook his head gravely. "It might have been. He was very lovable." He used the past tense in which we speak of the dead.

Again their eyes fell apart and there was a silence. She forced herself to speak.

"You have learned the lesson of generosity well, Mr. McAdoo."

"I have to earn the charity that has been given me—from every one—now from you. I was cruel, brutal, to you—yet you could come here. Doesn't that prove that you, too, have forgiven much—far more than I?"

"Not for what you said was true. And I was afraid to come—afraid of your judgment! You make me the more ashamed!"

"Don't!" he cried sharply, as if in pain. "It hurts to see you abase yourself before me!"

Again a silence, while his eyes held hers. The quality of his gaze frightened her. It was saying too much—breaking down her self command, drawing her to him. She spoke hastily. "Mr. McAdoo, do you know that he has disappeared?"

She saw then the hurt that had been put upon him. "Yes. I have tried to

CONCLUDED ON PAGE THREE

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Saturday, November 25, 1911.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

By His Excellency

ARAM J. POTIER, Governor.

WHEREAS, The President of the United States has by his proclamation and pursuant to time-honored custom called upon all the people of this country to observe the day of Thanksgiving with solemnity and devotion; and whereas, the people of this country are indebted to the Almighty God and devoutly thank him for the many mercies he has given to us;

Therefore, I, ARAM J. POTIER, Governor of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution of the State of Rhode Island, do hereby designate and appoint Thursday, the 23rd day of November, 1911, a day of Thanksgiving for the people of this State; and I do hereby call upon all the people of this State to observe that day with solemnity and devotion, and to give thanks to the Almighty God for the many mercies he has given to us.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be hereunto affixed, at Providence, this 23rd day of November, 1911.

By The Governor, J. FRED PARKER, Secretary of State.

No matter how short the crops may have been they are always referred to as "bountiful harvests" in the governor's Thanksgiving proclamations.

Complaints are heard in all parts of the country in regard to increased taxes. The taxes must be going up in sympathy with food prices, says an Exchange.

The Washington County Agricultural Society are early in the field for next year. They have already fixed the dates for the next fair, which will be September 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1912.

St. Louis is making a vigorous effort to obtain Democratic and Republican national conventions. St. Louis Post-Dispatch has offered to give \$10,000 to a fund which will bring one or both conventions.

A New England woman about to be married speaks fifty-four languages. One cousin lives in the family will probably be enough.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That will do for a western paper.

A President, when he had the small pox, once said that he had something to give any office-seeker who called. President Taft has a bad cold so he has something to give an excuse for staying at home a little while and getting acquainted with his family.

The smallpox scare seems to be subsiding in Warwick, but few new cases having been reported this week. The theatres and playhouses of the town have been reopened. One man who was found guilty of removing a small-pox sign was fined \$20 and costs and went to the Providence County Jail for ten days. Served him right.

Boston papers charge that there are 4000 purchasable voters in New Bedford. A Foss paper charges that 2000 of these were turned against Foss at \$5 a head and that while \$5 was the nominal price only \$3 was paid in some instances. That statement is probably about as true as most of the statements made by Massachusetts' rabid Governor.

More trust prosecutions have been instituted by President Taft's administration in last five months than during entire term of any President except Roosevelt. Although Taft administration has a year and three months to run, record of trust prosecutions already nearly equals that of Roosevelt during seven years. Seventeen bills to equity have been filed and 20 judgments obtained.

A Democratic paper figures the Democratic presidential candidates at present as follows: Wilson, Harmon, Clark, Underwood and Hearst. Foss and Marshall (governor of Ind.) are added as sort of a contingent list. There is one important omission in this list. Bryan will have to be reckoned with to the next Democratic Convention. He will either be the candidate himself or he will dictate the candidate.

Tennessee and Missouri have Republican governors, Kentucky has a retiring Republican governor, and Maryland a newly-elected Republican governor. On the whole, the states on or near the border look unusually good to Republicans.—Exchange.

There will probably be more than the above states in the Republican column when the votes from the southern states are counted next November. The south is beginning to wake up and break away from her old hide-bound proclivities. The south as a manufacturing country wants protection, and we cannot look for that among Democratic politicians.

The loss of life and property by the gales of last Saturday and Sunday emphasizes very forcibly the need of the interior canals for which the Atlantic Waterways Association is working so earnestly. Had the canal from Wickford to Watch Hill along the Rhode Island shore been in working order and the other canals projected further south, many lives and thousands of dollars worth of property would have been saved. The Rhode Island canal might not pay for itself in saving of freight rates in many years but in the protection it would give to human lives it would pay for itself in one only.

Educational Development.

There was a most remarkable development in the educational equipment of the United States in the course of the first decade of the twentieth century. To begin with, the plant and the fiscal resources of the schools nearly doubled. The value of public school property amounted in 1900 to about \$550,000,000; in 1910 it was more than \$1,000,000,000. The annual income of the public schools increased during the same period from \$220,000,000 to \$425,000,000 in round numbers, while annual appropriations to normal schools for the training of teachers grew from \$2,769,000 to \$8,820,000. The average length of the public school term was extended from 144 to 168 days, and the average attendance of children enrolled increased from 89 to 114 days. The public high schools, which numbered 6,005 in 1900, were 10,218 in number in 1910. The number of teachers in those schools advanced from about 20,000 to more than 41,000, while the total number of public-school teachers increased from 128,000 to 512,000 in the course of the decade. The salaries of teachers were augmented during the two year period, those of men teachers increasing from \$46.50 per month in 1900 to \$64 per month in 1910, and those of women teachers from \$34 to \$52 per month. The number of pupils in high schools showed a marked gain, numbering 900,000 in 1910, as compared with 520,000 in 1900. The productive fund of universities, colleges and technical schools increased from \$186,176,000 to \$275,425,000, and the annual income of those institutions from sources other than endowment was augmented from \$29,500,000 to \$78,800,000 in the two-year period. The students in those establishments grew in number from 110,000 to 183,600, and the instructors from 7,800 to 17,000. In the higher educational institutions, it will be noted, the increase in the number of teachers was proportionately greater than the growth in the number of students.

Tariff to Suit Spots.

Mr. Underwood proposes to tear down what he calls the tariff wall until nothing remains but duties sufficient to meet government expenses, but declares that he would remove the wall, not by using dynamite, but by taking bricks off the top. As his own district is vitally interested in the protection of iron and steel Mr. Underwood will be careful to locate this brick on the lowest course, and would finally decide that it need not be disturbed after all. Mr. Underwood's home town of Birmingham, which was not started until after the war, has had a phenomenal growth. In the less than fifty years of Birmingham's existence a Republican protective tariff has been almost continuously in force. Protection was prominent in the arguments advanced for founding the town. Birmingham has quickly grown to be the largest city in the state, and now leads Mobile in population by a big margin. Mr. Underwood, who has served many terms in Congress as the representative of the Birmingham district, has been vigilant in seeing that the protection of iron and steel is kept where his home town wants it.

The last Democratic tariff, identified with the calamitous times of Cleveland's second administration, was a mongrel. It was protective in spots. It took bricks off the wall, but not all the bricks. Some were left to suit the predilections of certain prominent Democratic politicians and sympathetic trusts. Mr. Underwood denounces monopoly. Alabama's leading monopoly is the monopoly of votes. Less than 97,000 votes elect nine Alabama members of the House. A normal average of voters in a congressional district of the United States is 40,000. In the Alabama vote trust the average is less than 11,000. Last year Mr. Underwood's district showed only 10,111 votes. His monopoly is a stiff one, and strikes at a free form of government. He will continue to guard carefully his own particular tariff brick.

There seems to be a wide diversity of opinion among those "high-up" as to the Sherman law in regard to its effect on trade. Representative Littleton of New York declares that it is archaic, and should be struck from the statute book; President Taft says that the law, properly supplemented, will reach offending corporations—which, in effect, means that it is a good makeshift; and ex-President Roosevelt gives the opinion that the present method of trying to solve the trust problem by a series of lawsuits is chaotic, and should be abandoned in favor of systematic regulation. So there you have it.

The National Grange wants the Oregon plan for choosing delegates for President and Vice President and pledges its members in 29 states to work for it. We should think the staid and sober-minded farmers in the East would have too much common sense to be led away by the wild ideas of the "wild and woolly West." A scheme that will compel a Legislature with a majority of more than two to one to elect a man from the minority party a United States Senator is not a safe scheme to tie up to.

On a vote of 24,443, Mayor Fletcher of Providence wins by 65 plurality, not a wide margin, but wide enough to hold for one year. Providence is emphatically a Democratic city, and Mayor Fletcher's success for the third time is good evidence of his popularity.

Too Many Lawyers in Office.

A prominent New York paper thus comments on the lawyers in politics. It says:

Thoughtful observers must have noticed a growing impatience throughout the country, not with the law as law, or the courts where they are doing their best with an imperfect system of procedure, but with the lawyer in politics. There can be no question at all that we have far too many lawyers in this country, and, as might be expected, there has been unusual facilities for finding mischief for wits hands to do. Even our overgrown and cumbersome court machinery only a small proportion can make a living by the practice of their profession. Apparently the balance is too top-heavy.

It might be thought that lawyers would make good statesmen, and as they would if they were good lawyers. But the system pursued by colleges turns out bad lawyers, in possession of that little learning which the poet says is a dangerous thing. Their knowledge of the principles of the common law or the philosophy governing cases in equity is of the slightest. They have not assimilated Blackstone, and Coke on Littleton is a dead letter. They are virtually taught case law only. The consequence is that our legal assembly-men and senators add to the status quo, besides after session, measures as ill-formed and half-baked as they are themselves.

This has a most important bearing upon the coming presidential contest. There is a growing feeling that we should have a class of statesmen and not a lawyer in the presidential chair. All departments of commerce and industry suffer when the President of the republic becomes the slave to what the French call "the fixed idea"—when he bases his policy of law enforcement not upon the eternal principles and philosophy of law itself but upon ambiguous statutes. The purpose of law is to facilitate and safeguard the transaction of the people's business, to protect them in person and property. We have made of our legal system, state and federal, the most astonishing hindrance a nation ever inflicted upon itself. In a recent address to a graduating class of law students, Attorney-General Wickham told them that the future of the republic was in their hands. Heaven forbid!

The Prevention of Fires.

[New York Times]

As the annual losses by fires in the cities of the United States run up to the hundreds of millions, and as it is believed that fully one-half of these losses are due to carelessness with fire, light, and matches, The Spectator, a journal published to promote the interests of insurance, editorially approves the proposal that means be devised to bring directly to the attention of the people the causes responsible for "the great National fire heap."

The Association of Fire Marshals of North America is urging the Governors of the various States each year to proclaim a day, called "Fire Prevention Day," asking their inhabitants to consider seriously the enormous preventable fire waste and measures that should be taken to reduce it. Gov. Elbert H. of Minnesota has already designated Nov. 8 as the day on which public-spirited bodies of business men and citizens will meet to take counsel together upon this "burning" question. But the school children of the Nation must be reached if the dangers by fire in the United States are to be permanently reduced as they have been reduced in European countries. Most schools have already their fire drills; the work should be extended. School boys and girls know next to nothing of the dangers and chemistry of fire. Something has already been done to teach them, for The Spectator says:

Following the example of Ohio, the State of New York has adopted for use in the public schools of the State two pamphlets on the "Dangers and Chemistry of Fire," as prepared by CHARLES MARSH, Sec. of the State Fire Marshals' Association of New York. These pamphlets are for use in primary and grammar schools, and deal with the question of fire prevention in a practical manner and one easily grasped by the ordinary school child. They contain forty lessons. An excellent book of short stories entitled "Firebrands" has also been recently published for the purpose of not only entertaining children but by indirect means of educating them as to the causes, prevention, and extinguishment of fires.

Such methods of education are to be commended and encouraged. They should be introduced in every school, especially in the schools of this and other large cities.

Committee of Interstate commerce commission recommends that sweeping investigation be made into condition of rails on all roads in United States to guard against accidents from defective rails, which have been increasing very fast of late.

Senator Newlands of committee on Interstate and foreign commerce believes that government should build necessary ships for a mail line to and from Panama and Colon on both coasts of United States. Cost would be \$16,000,000.

Senator Pomeroy of Ohio says: "John D. Rockefeller and other active heads of Standard Oil must go to jail or decision of Supreme Court holding the corporation a trust in violation of law means nothing of benefit to the people." The Senator intends to urge upon Congress legislation providing for criminal prosecution of trust officials. In the eyes of certain politicians all rich men are criminals.

As a result of first sale of postal savings bonds at low price of 92½, trustees of the postal savings banks are formulating a plan to maintain securities at par. They will probably ask authority to invest in these bonds at par 80 per cent of postal savings deposits. It seems a little singular that a government security should sell at such a low figure.

Commerce of Island of Porto Rico has increased more than 400 per cent. since 1901 and about 15 per cent. during last fiscal year. Aggregate foreign trade last year was \$78,705,841. 63 per cent of this trade was with United States.

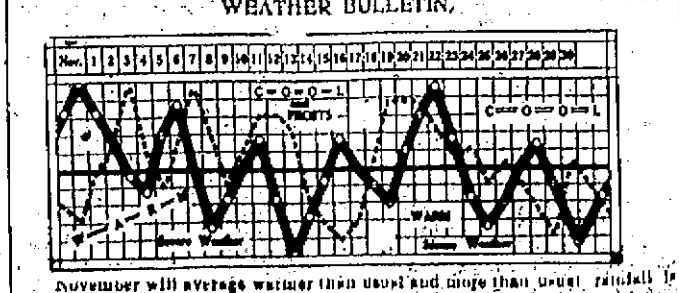
American Manufacturers Association, representing \$2,500,000,000 of capital has warmly endorsed the policy of Theodore Roosevelt on trust prosecution.

Honest Tea

is the best policy

LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY



November will average warmer than usual and more than usual rainfall is expected. Texas, the plains states and parts of New England will be drier than usual. Unusually stormy weather will prevail. Highest average temperature will be near Nov. 8 and 21, and lowest near 18 and 22. Not much rain last ten days. Dry user Nov. 15. Frequent rain balance of month. Severe weather about and following Nov. 4 and 19.

In above chart the broken line represents normal temperature and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above normal temperature are expected to be higher. Where it goes below normal temperature will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90°. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Nov. 23, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to grow confident November 29 to 30, warm wave 25 to 28, cool wave 28 to December 2. A week of low average temperatures, with only a small amount of precipitation, will result from above described disturbances.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about November 29, cross Pacific slope by close of 30, great central valleys 1 to 8, eastern sections 4. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about November 29, great central valleys December 1, eastern sections 8. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about December 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6.

This will be a cold storm, much like the last preceding it, but with a greater amount of precipitation. The wave of rainfall, or snow will cross Pacific slope about December 1, great central valleys 8, eastern sections 6.

Second disturbance of December will reach Pacific coast about 5, cross Pacific slope by close of 6, great central valleys 7 to 9, eastern sections 10. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about December 6, great central valleys 7, eastern sections 9. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about December 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12. The rain or snow wave will cross Pacific slope about December 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12.

The features of this disturbance will be higher average temperatures, an increase in precipitation and not so

The call for ex-President Roosevelt to again get into the saddle is strong in certain quarters, particularly in Wall street. Two years ago, every man in this same Wall street was ready to shoot him at sight. Times change rapidly and people change still faster.

RAMON CACERES SLAIN

Served Four Years as Head of the Dominican Government

Washington, Nov. 21.—Ramon Caceres, president of Santo Domingo, was assassinated by political malcontents in San Domingo City, according to reports to the state department. No uprising has followed as yet.

It is presumed here that Caceres has fallen a victim to one of the characteristic Dominican plots. It is known that Caceres' administration, which has lasted four years, an almost unprecedented period in Dominican history, has very recently been disturbed by several well defined revolutionary plots.

Baseball Man Passes On
New York, Nov. 22.—William H. Russell, president and chief owner of the Boston National League Baseball club, died at his residence in this city. Death was due to heart failure, brought on by a complication of diseases.

WOMAN THRICE MARRIED

Takes Same Man For Her Husband on Each Occasion

New York, Nov. 22.—Miss Laura M. Smith is believed to have made a new matrimonial record when she was married for the third time—to the same man.

The ceremony which united her to Michael B. Flaherty was performed in the city hall. The bride and bridegroom appeared to be as happy and bashful as if it were their first venture.

The Hourglass
Instead of being obsolete and simply an interesting relic the hourglass in various forms is a twentieth century necessity. For such purposes as timing, hardening and tempering heats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hourglass with the right amount of sand. Accuracy to fractions of a second can be obtained much more easily by an hourglass than by watching the hands of a watch.—London Graphic.

"Did Algy make a bit at the literary club?"
"I guess he did. He pronounced 'Les Miserables' in a brand new way and then attended to it as Victor Herbert's masterpiece."—Kansas City Journal.

FARRAR AMONG THE MISSING

Chaplain to British Royal Family an Absconder

DISMISSED FROM HIS POST

English Society Amazed and Church Element Horrified—Royal Household Keenly Feels Situation—Disgraceful Charges Against Prominent Clergyman Who Recently Married Sister of an American Author

London, Nov. 23.—Rev. Frederick P. Farrar, son of the late Canon Farrar, domestic chaplain to the royal family of England and married only last July to Miss Nora Davis, sister of Richard Harding Davis, the American author, is an absconder, according to charges just made public.

A warrant for his arrest has been issued. The London Gazette contains notice of his dismissal from his post as royal chaplain. An investigation into the chaplain's private conduct has been going on for some time. It is said that sensational revelations as to his moral standing are imminent.

The news of the alleged delinquencies of the prominent clergyman, has amazed English society. The church element is horrified. The American set here, many of whose most distinguished representatives attended the Farrar-Davis nuptials at St. Andrews', Westminster, five months ago, is tremendously stirred by the manner in which the happiness of another American bride has been wrecked.

The royal household feels the situation most keenly. It was only last Sunday that the dismissed clergyman preached in Sandringham church before Queen Alexandra, the dowager; her daughter, Queen Maud of Norway, the Prince of Wales, and other members of royalty.

The chaplain was very intimate, by nature of his post, with the king, queen and all their relatives here. That the family chaplain should figure in such disgraceful charges as are now made is very humiliating.

Chaplain Farrar was courted by the American set because it was known his approval meant much in court. When he married Miss Davis the wedding gifts from both English and Americans were many.

The wedding took place on July 6. Richard H. Davis gave his sister away in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Edgar Sheppard, sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, assisted by Rev. John S. Northcote, vicar of St. Andrew's.

Back of this wedding was a pretty international romance, and back of that was a picturesque history of the bridegroom.

Frederick P. Farrar is one of eight children of the late Canon Farrar, one of the leading English ecclesiastics. Canon Farrar was an intimate friend of the late George W. Childs, the American publisher and philanthropist. Childs had no children. He appealed to Farrar to let him have one son out of the bounteous Farrar household.

SUICIDE BY DROWNING

Minister Utilizes Hotel Bathing to Accomplish His Purpose

Boston, Nov. 22.—Rev. George A. Phinney, formerly pastor of the Bethany M. E. church at Roslindale and of several other churches of the same denomination in and about Boston, committed suicide in a room at the Parker house. The body was found lying face down in a bathtub and the tub was nearly full of water.

Phinney gave up preaching about two years ago on account of trouble with his head, and had resided lately with his brother. The contents of a note which Phinney left were not made public, but it was stated that what he had written indicated an intention to take his life. He was born in 1865 at Barnstable.

REFUSES TO DISMISS CONTEMPT CHARGES

Court Says Labor Leaders Must Stand Second Trial

Washington, Nov. 24.—Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, the labor leaders, must again stand trial in the supreme court of the District of Columbia on charges of contempt arising out of the Bucks Store and Range case.

Justice Wright handed down a decision overruling the motion of the labor leaders for a dismissal of the proceedings under the state of limitations.

The court held that contempt of court is not classed as criminal and consequently is not subject to the bar of the statute of limitations.

The supreme court of the United States recently dismissed the original cases against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, but gave the lower court the right to renew the proceedings.

Another Tumble In Sugar
New York, Nov. 21.—All grades of refined sugar were reduced 10 cents a hundred pounds yesterday.

Deaths.

In this city, Nov. 19, Daniel F. Harrington, aged 69 years.

In this city, Harold, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. May, aged 21 months.

In this city, 22nd inst., Edwin Morris, aged 57 years and 6 months.

In Cambridge, Mass., suddenly, 17th inst., Susan A. Main of Portsmouth, aged 71.

In her 71st year, Nov. 19, Abby H. Bucklin of Providence, Nov. 19, Lawrence A. Dawson, Nov. 19, John P. Farrelly, 21st inst., Thomas J. Devine, 21st inst., Jeffrey Hazard, in his 77th year, 21st inst., John H. McDermott, 24th inst., William Edward Nelson, 25th inst., Margaret Williams.

In Central Falls, 21st inst., Matilda B. Crowl.

In Warwick, 21st inst., Orlan Hewitt, in his 61st year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS
Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
51 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R.I.
Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1871. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States, and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

BEATTIE GOES INTO ETERNITY

Pays Penalty Demanded by Law For Killing His Wife

COURAGE ALMOST FAILS HIM

Nearly Breaks Down in Taking Pathetic Leave of Father and Brother, but Quickly Recovers Ordinary Nerve—Said to Have No Doubt That His Peace Has Been Made With God

Richmond, Nov. 24.—Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., was taken from the death watch shortly after 7 o'clock this morning. The warden of the penitentiary, according to the law, read to him the warrant ordering his death. Within a few moments after that solemn observance, Beattie paid with his life for the murder of his young wife last July.

Beattie was shaved and given a good breakfast this morning before going to the electric chair. The names of the jury of twelve that witnessed the execution were kept a secret.

For a few brief moments yesterday Beattie broke down, and it was feared his remarkable nerve and stoicism were about to desert him.

This was when he took leave of his father and brother, Douglas. When the time for parting came, the son laid his head on his father's breast and sobbed convulsively. One arm was flung across his father's shoulders and the other hand gripped that of his brother.

But he recovered quickly. The fortitude of the elder Beattie had more to do with this recovery than the soothing offices of Rev. Benjamin Dennis, who has labored with the doomed prisoner.

With Spartan self-control, the father kept his emotions in check, although the tears raced down his cheeks and his lips twitched. No words were spoken, but the young wife murderer must have felt the stern repression of his father, for he struggled his sobs and straightened up.

"Good by," he said, and turned away. Neither father nor brother trusted himself to reply, but made their way from the penitentiary.

When they entered again it was to claim the body of the young man.

Hazel, the 18-year-old sister of the prisoner, and his two aunts drove to the state prison in a closed carriage in the middle of the afternoon. They were in the death chamber a trifle more than an hour. When they emerged Hazel was on the verge of collapse and all three were violently agitated and the eyes of each were red and puffed from weeping.

Only one minister labored with Beattie yesterday, Mr. Dennis. Rev. John J. Fix, the young man's former pastor, was so worn out by his labors and the emotional strain he has undergone that he did not put in an appearance. He saved all his energies for today's dawn.

The day was spent by the young man in prayer, save for the time spent in the farowells of his family. Beattie is said to have declared his entire conversation and that he has no doubt that his peace has been made with God. He told his spiritual adviser that he faced the hereafter with supreme confidence.

The sustained nerve of the condemned man was the wonderment and admiration of his guards. After the pathetic parting with members of his family, in which he broke down completely, he manifested such a quick and complete return to his ordinary placid demeanor that it occasioned the utmost astonishment.

The prison authorities insisted upon the family removing the body within a few hours after it was laid out in the mortuary room, which adjoins the death chamber. It was at first believed that the body might be embalmed and kept in the penitentiary until arrangements could be completed for the funeral.

The murder trial that followed the killing of Beattie's young wife was one of the most sensational ever known in this part of the country.

It was the claim of the condemned murderer that he was accused by a man on the Middleman turnpike, who, without warning, fired a shot that tore a gaping hole in his wife's head.

The shotgun with which the murderer was committed was later found in the road and identified as a weapon which had been purchased for Henry by his cousin, Paul Beattie, as testified at the trial.

Beattie was convicted by a jury of farmers for wife murder in the first degree on Sept. 6, after being out but fifty-eight minutes, and Nov. 21 was set as the day for the execution.

Beattie has taken no interest in his infant son, Henry Clay Beattie, 3d, who was only a few weeks old at the time of his mother's death.

SUICIDE OF DURLAND

Writer's Wife Says It Came Near to Being a Double Tragedy
Boston, Nov. 24.—Before Kellogg Durland, the writer, took a fatal dose of cyanide of potassium on a train at the South station, he told his wife that they must die together, then and there, according to a statement made public by Mrs. Durland through a lawyer.

From Mrs. Durland's story it appears that it was by the exercise of woman's wit that she saved her life. "Wait until the train starts," she urged Durland. The while, she knew, policemen from station 4 were hurrying to the train to take Durland, whose sanity was doubted, into custody.

"Kellogg Durland committed suicide when he saw the police closing in on him. He believed it was either the madhouse of death for him, and he chose the latter," said Mrs. Durland.

AUSTIN FLOOD DISASTER

Blame For Great Loss of Life Is Placed Upon Owners of Dam

Coudersport, Pa., Nov. 23.—That the Austin dam disaster of Sept. 30 "was due to gross negligence on the part of George W. Bayless, president, and Fred M. Hamlin, superintendent of the Bayless Pulp and Paper company," was the unanimous verdict of the coroner's jury after three hours' deliberation over the testimony taken at the inquest, which concluded with the testimony of T. C. Hatton, the designing and constructing engineer of the dam.

Hamlin and Michael G. Bailey, an employee in charge of the dam, were arraigned on a charge of manslaughter on warrants sworn to by the husbands of two victims of the flood. A warrant for Bayless has also been issued.

ILLINOIS PENSIONS DESERVING MOTHERS

State Law Allows \$5 to \$10 a Month For Each Child

Chicago, Nov. 21.—The new state law providing for pensions for mothers with families has become operative. Forty widows, most of them the sole support of many children, received checks for amounts ranging from \$18 to \$120. This distribution of money brought happiness to many hearts from which it stands off hunger and cold.

The pension act allows \$5 to \$10 a month for each child. Nearly all the mothers were tearfully grateful. The deserving mothers and children are investigated by officials of the juvenile court. When the home influences are found to be good the money is paid to the mothers.

FOOLED WITH \$1000 BILL

Joker Accidentally Lights a Cigar With the Yellowback

San Francisco, Nov. 24.—Sigurd Hartig, a real estate dealer, accidentally lit a cigar with a \$1000 bill. He intended to burn only the end of a bit of yellow paper at the edge of the bill for the edification of his friends. Samuel Hatter joined the group just as Hartig lit the cigar.

"Give me a light, Sig," said Hatter, seizing the bill. Before Hartig could recover it, the bill was in flames. A small corner of the bill and a few ashes were recovered and will be sent to Washington in an attempt to have the loss made good.

WOMEN'S RIGHT TO VOTE

It Does Not Change Their Jury Eligibility in California

Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 24.—Attorney General Webb has ruled that women cannot serve as jurors in this city, the question having been raised by the success of the equal suffrage constitutional amendment.

"Under the common law," said Webb, "a jury consists of twelve free and lawful men, and under the same law women were not eligible to jury duty. I don't understand that the suffrage has affected the question of eligibility for jury service."

CUMMINS CONVICTED

Jury Finds Head of Carnegie Company Stole \$140,000

New York, Nov. 21.—William J. Cummins, former Tennessee promoter and recently directing head of the Carnegie Trust company, was found guilty of the theft of \$140,000 from the Nineteenth Ward bank. He had been on trial five weeks. He was remanded to the Tombs prison until Friday for sentence.

Cummins seemed stunned by the verdict. His attitude during the testimony was one of apparent assurance and cheerfulness. At the Tombs he broke down and sobbed.

Cruiser Makes Thirty Knots

Danzig, Ger., Nov. 24.—The armored cruiser Moltke is said to have attained a speed of thirty knots an hour over the measured mile here. Her turbine engines developed 50,000 horsepower, her contract calling for only 45,000.

Many Victims of Mushrooms

Trevoux, France, Nov. 21.—Seven persons have died, thirteen are critically ill, and seven others indisposed owing to the consumption of poisoned mushrooms during a festivity here.

Noted Masterpiece Stolen

Florence, Nov. 21.—Fra Angelico's famous masterpiece, "Madonna of the Stars," has been stolen from the San Marco convent.

WOMEN CLASH WITH POLICE

Suffragettes Fall in Effort to Storm Parliament

FULLY ARMED WITH STONES

Proceed to Smash Every Window in Sight When Barred From House of Commons—Eighteen Hundred Police Thwart Plans Which Were Carefully Laid—Women Chain Themselves to Railings

London, Nov. 23.—The suffragettes fared badly at the hands of the police last night. They had threatened to force their way into the house of commons and make a protest on the floor of the house against the prime minister's refusal to pledge the government to a bill giving equal suffrage to both sexes, but they failed even to reach the entrance to parliament.

Thwarted by the police, who arrested 220 women and three men, the suffragettes resorted to a campaign of window smashing. Driven from Parliament square by the police, 1500 of whom were on duty, the women, accompanied by sympathizers and street ilders, proceeded through Whitehall armed with bags of stones concealed under their coats and broke the windows in the public offices, liberal headquarters and the National Liberal club.

They even extended their operations to the Strand, where windows of the postoffice, bank and other private concerns suffered from the onslaught.

The window breaking was systematic, the motive apparently being to insure arrest. Many of the women carried stones in a cloth bag attached to long tapes. These they used like slings.

The militant tactics of the suffragettes followed a statement by Premier Asquith that the government was unable to introduce a bill to enfranchise women, as the cabinet was divided on the question, but would allow an amendment to be introduced to the proposed manhood suffrage bill, leaving it to the house of commons to decide whether women should be given a vote.

The suffragettes had made ample preparations to renew their attacks on parliament with a battle which was expected to surpass all previous efforts. They met early in the evening in Caxton hall, less than a mile from Parliament square, and after adopting a resolution declaring that the prime minister's denial of their request was a grave and unpardonable insult to women, called for volunteers for "dangerous service."

A delegation of fifty women, headed by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and accompanied by immense crowds, started for the house of commons to present the resolution, or take whatever other action was deemed advisable. The police, however, were too much for the women. In spite of all their preparations and the assistance of hundreds of sympathizers.

Strong detachments of police, both on foot and mounted, guarded the streets from Caxton hall to the houses of parliament. They broke up the deputations into units, which, as they reached the cordons surrounding the square, were thrown back, or if too persistent, were arrested and passed along to a receiving squad in the square and thence through a double line of constables to the police station.

The greatest confusion prevailed. Several women were injured in the scramble, while others fainted or became hysterical and required the attention of the ambulance men. The battle was fierce but short.

An hour after the women emerged from the hall Parliament square had been cleared of the attacking forces, except half a dozen women who had chained themselves to the railings and whose chains the police had to file or break.

Among those arrested were Mrs. Lawrence, who is joint editor of Votes for Women; Lady Constance Lytton, sister of Lord Lytton, and Mrs. Evelyn Havelock, daughter of Lieutenant General Lord Alington.

SUFFRAGETTES GO TO JAIL

They Choose Imprisonment Rather Than Pay a Fine

London, Nov. 23.—Unrepentant suffragettes to the number of 223, many of whom are apparently still in their teens, appeared at Bow street police court to answer for their sins of Tuesday and were sentenced to fines or alternative terms of imprisonment varying from a fortnight to a month. The women invariably chose prison instead of a fine.

Counsel for the public prosecutor said he could not adequately describe the "disgraceful and discreditable scenes of organized disorder" of which the accused were guilty.

The damage caused by the stones thrown throughout the Whitehall district is estimated at \$250,000.

Victims of Wood Alcohol
Bangor, Me., Nov. 24.—Wood alcohol has caused the death of two men and the illness of another at Hudson, according to the selection of the town and the physician called to attend the cases.

Butter and Egg Prices Boosted
Chicago, Nov. 24.—The price of butter and eggs has been boosted to the highest price of 1911, eggs being 40 to 42 cents and butter 32 to 40 cents.

PASCUAL OROZCO

Sent by Madero to Put Down Reyes Outbreak



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PLOTTING IN MEXICO

Two Distinct Revolts Against the Madero Administration

Mexico City, Nov. 23.—President Madero has ordered the immediate enlistment of 12,000 soldiers to reinforce the army against the Reyes revolution, which is threatening the north.

Madero's government is confronted with two alleged organized revolts. Details of the plan of Tacubaya, headed by Emilio Gomez, former minister of the interior, are made public. In this plan it is specifically stated that while the movement will receive the support of a number of regular army officers, General Reyes will have absolutely no part in it.

The government secret service agents believe there is no doubt of the authenticity of both this document and that found in San Antonio ascribed to Reyes. The common factor is that the two movements eventually will be amalgamated.

LEON LING MAY BE FUGITIVE IN TEXAS

Police Think They Are on Track of Elsie Sigel's Slayer

Cleveland, Nov. 23.—The arrest in Texas of Leon Ling, charged with the murder in New York two years ago of Elsie Sigel, is expected to follow information telegraphed to that state by the police. The murderer is said to be in hiding in the home of friends.

The information came to the officers as the result of a long feud which was responsible for the fatal shooting of Woo Dip in this city. Leon Young, a cousin of Leon Ling, was in the trouble.

NEW NAME FOR YACHT

Coronet of Holy Ghost and Us Fame Is Now the Barracut

Portland, Me., Nov. 21.—The yacht Coronet of the Holy Ghost and Us society came off the marine railway yesterday afternoon and was towed back to the society's anchorage at South Freeport, by the steamer Albatross.

She is far from being a wreck, as her hull below the copper is as sound as possible. Members of the society were engaged in painting the name Barracut in place of Coronet upon the Sandford yacht.

"WATCH THE GERMANS"

Yuan's Reply to Those Who Advise Abdication of Throne

Peking, Nov. 23.—According to a Chinese report, an attempt was made to assassinate Premier Yuan Shi-Kai. There have been various rumors that the premier's life was threatened, and he has been going about escorted by a guard.

The president of the Shantung republic has sent another message advising the abdication of the throne, and Yuan has replied, according to the Chinese newspapers, "Watch the Germans."

ROOSEVELT'S CHOICE

Said to Have Declared Himself in Favor of La Follette

Detroit, Nov. 23.—Progressive Republican league leaders met here to plan for furthering the presidential candidacy of Senator La Follette in Michigan.

Frank A. Harrison, La Follette's field manager in Michigan, said in an interview later that while Theodore Roosevelt did not want to make any public announcement of his views at present, the former president had assured the progressive leaders that he was in sympathy with them and with Senator La Follette, and would not himself be a candidate for the presidential nomination.

A Young Man's Credentials

A young man may have many credentials testifying as to his character and ability, but one of his best recommendations is his bank account. It shows thrift, economy and perseverance. Have you a Bank Account? Now is the time to start one with us.

4 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

Deposits made on or before August 15th draw interest from August the 1st.

Industrial Trust Company

NEWPORT BRANCH.

NOTICE.

Having received assurances of the hearty support and cheerful co-operation of my patrons in the half holiday movement, I will close my store at 12 o'clock every THURSDAY during the summer beginning June 1st.

S. S. THOMPSON,

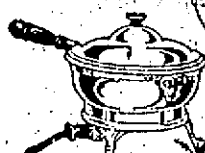
172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



With ELECTRICITY

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

NEW HIGH CITY FOUNT

Yale Expedition to Peru Also Climbs Mountain 22,600 Feet High

Hartford, Nov. 21.—Dr. William G. Erving, surgeon of the Yale expedition, is back after an absence of seven months, in the course of which he penetrated to little visited recesses of the mountainous interior of Peru with Professor Bingham of Yale university.

The expedition discovered a hitherto unknown Inca city, containing a palace, temples and baths, and Bingham and another member of the party succeeded in reaching the summit of Mt. Coropuna after six days of hard work.

A careful survey by the topographer made the altitude of the mountain about 22,000 feet. It is figured that the mountain is the highest in Peru and third highest in this hemisphere.

Dr. Erving with a detachment of the expedition followed the parent branch of the Amazon from its source in a glacier over 15,000 feet above the sea.

FAR FROM BEING POOR

Woman Arrested as Shoplifter Said to Be Old Offender

Boston, Nov. 24.—Catherine McCann, 74, a widow, was arrested last night, charged with shoplifting, and when searched in the booking office at police headquarters she was found to have eight bank books, showing deposits of \$10,650.64, \$170 in bills, \$17.60 in gold, \$1.20 in English money and three diamond lockets.

This wealth was in chamolli bags attached to her waist, inside of her dress. When she appeared before Inspector Douglas, the looking officer, he recognized the woman as a person whom he had arrested fifteen years ago on a similar offense. The police say that her picture is in the rogue's gallery.

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Diamond Hill

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Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

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Newport Compressed Brick Co.

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, straining eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Optical prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 850 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

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SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeping, to hire or manage successful boarding house. W. G. PARKMAN, Weymouth, Mass.

KEPT TO THE POINT.

Interruptions Didn't Make Blaine Lose His Self Possession.

In his "Yesterday With the Fathers" Dr. William Wilberforce Newton tells an incident which, fortunately escaping tragedy, serves nevertheless to illustrate the imperturbable self-possession of a famous statesman.

Upon one occasion the Hon. James G. Blaine addressed a large concourse of people. There was a great wooden platform, on which were the speakers and the officers and a famous German band. I had been invited to make the opening prayer. After this Mr. Blaine began his address with the following sentence:

"I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then some one in the crowd called out, "Hurrah for James G. Blaine!" and then a great ovation greeted the Republican leader. At its close Mr. Blaine began again by remarking:

"As I said a few moments ago, I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then a terrible grinding, crushing, earthquake-like sensation was felt by all of us who were seated on the platform, and the entire staging went down with a rush. We were tumbled one over another, speakers, officers, German band and all, and for myself I felt as Korah, Dathan and Abiram probably felt when the earth opened and swallowed them up, alive in the pit.

"Mr. Blaine and I happened to be wound round together, legs and arms in inextricable confusion, and as we were trying to worm ourselves out of the melee he said to me:

"Mr. Newton, isn't there an article in the Apostolic Creed about the resurrection from the dead?"

"There is, Mr. Blaine," I replied, "and there is also an article about descending."

When the debris was removed and a place made for the speaker he began again by saying, for the third time:

"Notwithstanding these many interruptions, I am as opposed as ever to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

GENIUS OF SCHUBERT.

Whatever the Great Composer Felt Flowed Forth in Music.

Whenever Schubert happened to turn over the leaves of a volume of poetry, verses that pleased him would become clothed in melody. They would sing themselves in his mind with superb accompaniment, noble in rhythm and rich in harmonies. If paper happened to be within reach the song would at once be written down.

One July evening in 1826, after a long walk, the composer strolled into a beer garden and found a friend sitting at a table with a volume of Shakespeare. Schubert picked up the book and read the song in "Cymbeline," "Hark, hark, the lark!" The beautiful melody, with its accompaniment, as we now have it instantly flashed upon him, and he wrote it down on the spot upon staves hastily scrawled across the back of a bill of fare. In the course of the same evening he set to music the drinking song in "Antony and Cleopatra" and the verses "Who is Sylvia?" in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

All this exquisiteness came from the son of a cook and poor mechanic, whose chief delight as a baby was to pick out melodies on a rusty old piano in his father's shop, and whose sense of human bliss was reached when he was taken to a neighboring joiner's to try his infant hands on a fine new instrument. He was a charity pupil in the Imperial School of Music, but neither his orphan asylum atmosphere, the two meals a day nor the ice cold piano with the feeble instruction dampened the little Franz's ardor. Whatever he felt flowed forth in music.—New York World.

Pockets Make the Man.
Mrs. John Lane, in a volume of essays called "Talk of the Town," takes an ingenious way to prove that mentally woman is superior to man.

Just consider: The most ordinary mind of man has at least a dozen pockets, while a woman of transcendent intellect generally has none, or if she has one, it is where she can't get at it. Now, try to imagine a man doing his errands with a purse, handkerchief and shopping list in one hand, the tail of his skirt in the other, his umbrella under one arm, meanwhile making an effort to keep his head clear for business, problems and at the same time keeping a wary eye out for motors. He couldn't do it! There really is no doubt that man owes his superiority to women entirely to his pockets.

Misleading.
A man once ran for office, and after a very close election the returns showed that he had been elected by a few votes. A friend with whom he had been discussing the matter asked:

"What makes you think that all the ballots weren't counted?"

"You see," replied the successful candidate, "I'm judging from the number of fellows who've come around asking for a job on the ground that they voted for me."—New York Times.

His Affliction.
A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was.

"Test!" replied one little fellow: "he was a poet."—Christian Register.

The Minutes Saved by Hurry are as useless as the pennies saved by parsimony.—C. B. Newcomb.

Bridge of Sighs.
The most famous bridge in the world, the Bridge of Sighs, at Venice, so called because it led the way to a prison, was built in 1580.

An Event in Rome.
Rome was visited by a snowfall March 9, 1834, the first in 240 years.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Helen Clay Frick, pretty and belle to millions, who has been known for her philanthropic side she was a tiny girl, is a culinary expert.

Mrs. William Keith, who recently gave \$3,000 to the suffrage campaign in California, has devoted about \$100,000 a year to the cause for more than ten years.

Miss Elizabeth Kendall, professor of history at Wellesley college, recently returned from a trip through Turkey, China and India. She is said to be the first white woman to make such a trip alone. She made the trip for the purpose of research.

Miss Beatrice Jones is a pioneer among women landscape gardeners in this country. Her most notable work in landscape gardening was the restoration of the George Washington gardens at Mount Vernon.

Mrs. Wordsworth, an English dancing teacher, has taught dancing to royalty in England and other countries since she was fifteen. She now has a class composed entirely of children whose grandparents took lessons of her just before making their debut at Queen Victoria's court.

Sporting Notes.

The polo players of America and Great Britain have joined hands to bring about a uniform code of rules to govern the game.

Eddie Duran, professional sculling champion of America, who recently defended his title against John L. Hackett of Minnesota, is ready to row William Haines or James Wray, coach of Harvard.

Cornell university has added a course in wrestling for which gymnasium credit will be given. For the benefit of beginners in the mat game a novice meet, from which all intercollegiate athletes will be barred, will take place in December.

The New Orleans Young Men's Gymnasium club will hold monthly boxing and wrestling contests of all weights and classes under the amateur rules until April of 1912. The winners will be sent to the National Amateur Athletic union championships.

Short Stories.

There are 2,754 languages in the world.

Green light is said to be the best for fine work with jewelry.

Drunkennes was punished by death in 870 by King Constantine of Scotland.

In the British empire there are 11,400,000 square miles, in Russia 8,400,000, in the German empire 200,000.

In 1787 an express wagon ran from New York to Philadelphia in two days, and the feat was then considered marvelous.

The vast interior of the South American continent, amounting to some 5,000,000 square miles, is commercially undeveloped, and in many parts it is yet unexplored.

Aerial Flights.

The only drawback to that coast to coast aviation contest seems to be the inability of the fliers to keep their machines in the air.—Louisville Post.

The aviation experts have decided that it is possible to drop a bomb into the enemy's camp without letting the entire machine go along with it.—Washington Star.

The roll of deaths in flying lengthens steadily and probably at an increasing ratio, but does not apparently diminish the zeal and the impetuosity of new aspirants to flight. More than 100 names are now on the death list.—New York Tribune.

Foreign Echoes.

It sounds odd, even funny, to hear of China becoming a republic. Yet some of us may live to see the president of China.—Springfield Republican.

Now that Madero has been elected president of Mexico, he ought to be looking up the most convenient route to Europe for a quick getaway.—Montreal Star.

Personally we have no prejudice against the Turk. Still, we do not think very much of men who wear hats without any brim and breeches without any crease to them.—Galveston News.

English Etchings.

England has more rivers for its size than any other country.

Over fifty lightships are stationed round the English shores.

More than 7,000,000 golf balls are used up in Britain every year.

Jack is the name of a watchdog that guards the interior of Westminster cathedral by night.

The world's largest circulating library is Madras, in London, which buys every year between 300,000 and 600,000 copies of some 3,000 works.

Tales of Cities.

Carrying concealed weapons was first made unlawful in New York in 1683.

Philadelphia is to have a city planning bureau whose chief is to receive a salary of \$10,000 a year.

Paris began the construction of her system of boulevards, now so much admired, in the year 1836.

In the city of London there are thirteen railway bridges, three bridges across roads and sixty-two across public ways connecting private premises.

"I always scrape an acquaintance," said the jocular barber.

"Yes," remarked the customer whose sarcasm was sharper because he was fourth one from "next," "and often cut one too."—Browning's Magazine.

SIREN AND SONS.

To a friend Edison once confessed, "I haven't used a telephone for ten years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an in-undisputed light."

Pfunder (have Knox, secretary of state, has two favorite games which he plays with skill and enjoyment. One is pool, and the other is keeping his mouth shut.

Thomas William Burgess, who recently swam the English channel, being the first man to accomplish that feat since Captain Webb's performance in 1875, is a naturalized Frenchman. However, he was born in Rothersham, Yorkshire, England.

Earle L. Ovington has received from Postmaster General Hitchcock a document certifying his appointment as the first official aerial mail carrier in the United States. Ovington is the aviator who began carrying the mail daily from the Nassau (Long Island) aerodrome during the recent gathering of bird men.

Robert Laird Borden, who led the Conservative party of Canada to victory at the polls in the recent reciprocity campaign, is a native of Nova Scotia, fifty-seven years old. He is aggressive and uncompromising, looks and acts like a man ten years his junior and enjoys a hard game of cricket or tennis.

Mrs. O'Leary's Cow.

History is re-enacted slowly. Forty years after the Chicago fire, Mrs. O'Leary's cow is acquitted of that kick.—Newark Star.

After all these years Mrs. O'Leary's cow has been vindicated. Another instance of the tardiness of justice in America.—Louisville Post.

We are told at the end of forty years it was not Mrs. O'Leary's cow, but presumably a cigar thrown into a pile of shavings that started the great Chicago fire. Which is all very well in the interest of truth and veracity, but it unnecessarily imposes the enormous task of making adequate amends to the cow.—Leavenworth Times.

College and School.

Norway has only one university, the Royal Frederick university in Christiania.

According to the latest published statistics, there are 398,163 women teachers in the public schools of the United States.

Chicago's eight schools reopened for the term with an enrollment of 20,401, exceeding previous records by 2,400. The increased attendance is because of a broadening in the scope of the night school work. A working knowledge of industrial trades can be obtained as well as commercial and household courses.

Flower and Tree.

There are 798 distinct species of roses in existence.

Palms never live more than 250 years. The few is the longest lived of trees.

Plants have sleep periods. Their hours of vegetative rest are as essential to their health as are those of sleep to animals.

A remarkable tree has been discovered in the region of Lake Tehad. In one season it is said to grow to the height of from thirteen to sixteen feet. Its foliage resembles the mimosa, and its branches are thorny.

Ragtime.

A Berlin genius says that ragtime will drive Americans crazy. The use of the future tense is but another indication of the conservatism of the typical German highbrow.—Washington Post.

A Harvard professor rises to remark that "synecopation in harmonization has no immoral connotation," which, being roughly translated into idiomatic English, means, "Ragtime is de pure goods."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pulpit and Pew.

In and about the Milan cathedral there are 6,000 statues.

St. Paul's cathedral in London is insured in ten different offices. The amount is about \$35,000.

The Rev. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw is said to have preached in more countries than any other woman in the ministry. Besides this country, Dr. Shaw has preached in England, Germany, Sweden, Denmark and Holland.

Political Quips.

We have discovered a flaw in New York's new law against the possession of deadly weapons. It leaves politicians free to distribute campaign cigars.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Strange, it is not, that the American bison, the most distinctive native animal, never was adopted as a symbol of a political party? It's too late now; he's too near extinct.—Sioux City Times.

State Lines.

There are approximately 3,000,000 acres of unimproved logged-off land in western Oregon and western Washington.

Florida is the most level state in the Union, the highest point being Mount Pleasant station, with an altitude of 301 feet.

The total value of all farm land alone in Mississippi was reported in 1910 as \$250,715,000 as compared with \$114,837,000 in 1900, a gain of \$135,878,000 or 119 per cent.

The baseball pennant waves on high—These changeable seasons do not last—The football banners next we'll spy—And then, hard luck, the cold wave flag!—Washington Star.

Knicker—We are learning economics in the stock market.
Bocker—And now we shall have to study geography in Turkey and Italy.—New York Sun.

The Divorcer's Guide.

Enforced in fact, The last you'll ever read.

Divorced in blue, Your next will be untrue.

Divorced in yellow, He'll be a jolly fellow.

Divorced in green, The judge should intervene.

Divorced in white, The bachelors will bite.

Divorced in pink, You're hovering on the brink.

Divorced in brown, The talk of all the town.

Divorced in black, An alimony sack!—Judge.

Needed Gift.

She stood in the doorway, one hand on the knob.

"Papa, dear," said she, "do you know what I am going to buy you this year for a birthday present?"

"No, darling," said papa, looking up from his paper. "What?"

"Please, papa," answered the little maid, "pretty new china shaving mug with gold flowers on it."

"But," said the fond parent, "papa has a new one like that already, dear—a very handsome one."

"Oh, so, he hasn't!" replied the little girl. "I've just dropped it!"—Victoria Colonist.

What Mary Lacked.

About the things that Mary had So many jokes are cracked, That we would like a list, egad, Of things that Mary lacked.

Some lovely dreams in winter hats Were in the window stacked, They cost a hundred plunks, and that's The one thing Mary lacked.

She saw a silken princess dress, A beauty, for a fact, But twice for forms of slenderness, A thing that Mary lacked.

Clearly Outclassed, "There's no use of talking," said Mr. Cumrox, "people's minds are a heap quicker than they used to be."

"We move at a rapid pace." "Wonderful! My daughter has been away to school a year and a half, and she has learned Greek, Latin, philosophy, dancing, music, mathematics, lawn tennis, painting and astronomy. And in more than half a lifetime I haven't learned to spell more than half the words in the English language."—Washington Star.

The World's Great Want. Let the people who are trying To establish peace on earth Keep the white flag bravely flying. Till love has a new world is calling For a new supply of mirth.

Let the nations join together, So that triumph may be won, Let men regulate the weather And put harness on the sun, But the world wants first the favor Of a new supply of fun.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unfortunate.

Tyre Doot—I am unfortunate, mum. I had to quit my profession on account of my health.

Lady—But you look rugged. What was your profession?

Tyre Doot—Dat's just it, lady. I was too rugged. I was a ventriloquist, an' a good one, lady, an' my voice got so strong I couldn't throw it.—Harper's Magazine.

A Fair Guess.

Said the teacher to Johnnie, "What is half of one-third?"

And John, unaccustomed to such vague things and obscure, said, "I don't know for sure, But it can't be so awfully much."—Woman's Home Companion.

Different.

"Ma'am, here's a man at the door with a parcel for you," said the new maid.

"What is it, Bridget?" answered the mistress.

"It's a fish, ma'am, and it's marked 'O. O. D.'"

"Then make the man take it straight back to the dealer. I ordered trout!"—Housekeeper.

The Scorch.

When the motorist's speed is a hot one The judge "roasts" him well for his game.

Quite naturally then he is "boiling" And thinks it a "burning shame."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Diplomatic.

"Fathers have been much maligned." "In what way?"

"About giving suitors the boot. On three occasions I have been referred by a young woman to her father, and every time I found it was for the purpose of letting me down easy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Change of Sentiment.

The baseball player whom we cheer As our own warrior friend each year Unto another club may go And next become our hated foe.

So Realistic. Mrs. Newrox—And why should you paint me sitting rather than standing?

Danber—Why, my portraits are so realistic that a gentleman does not feel at ease to sit down in a room where one of my paintings of a standing woman is hung.—Boston Herald.

Colors.

With all those Turkish ships ashore no doubt the statement's true Their colors may be yellow, but it makes a navy blue.

Money Gone.

Wayburn—Have you noticed your health improved since you have the automobile?

Sponley—Oh, yes! I think I'd have a fine appetite now if I could afford to eat.—New York Globe.

It is easy to hustle.

From morn till night, But it's hard to do nothing And do it right.

"My husband says he always does better work when thinking of me." "I noticed he made a very good job of beating the carpets."—Pittsburg Post.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Bagpipes.
Bagpipes were used by the Assyrians and were known all over Asia. The Chinese also had this musical instrument.

One Cent Pieces.
Small one cent pieces were first coined in 1850.

A Good Basis.
The principal chiefs of the Hawaiian Islands in 1824 adopted the Ten Commandments as the basis of government.

Gold Lined Shoe.
At the wedding of the daughter of the house in Germany among the "upper ten" the old nurse presents the first shoe worn by the bride to the bridegroom, who, to make certain a prosperous and happy married life, must fill it with gold pieces to her advantage.

Sea Horses.
In the Pacific ocean sea horses attain a length of from ten to twelve inches, but seven inches is about the limit of those found in Atlantic waters.

An Ancient Custom.
Pagans endeavored to peer into the future by opening pages of Homer or Virgil and noting the lines covered by the thumb the instant the book was opened. They were read with a view to casting some light on the problem which occasioned the consultation.

Miners in India.
Ruby miners in India get only 14 cents a day and coal miners 10, but from an Indian point of view this is regarded as fair pay.

The Canary.
The canary is a species of finch, native to the Canary Islands.

England's First Daily.
England's first daily newspaper was the Daily Courant. It was founded in 1702 at London and published by a woman—Elizabeth Mallet.

An Unbuilt Mausoleum.
During Charles II's reign it was decided to build a magnificent royal mausoleum adjoining Westminster abbey, and in 1678 the house of commons voted £70,000 toward the cost of the work. The design, prepared by Sir Christopher Wren, are still preserved in the library of All Souls, Oxford.

Artificial Flowers.
Beautiful artificial flowers were made of wax by the Romans, and the Egyptians used horn and metal for a similar purpose.

Grimy Coins.
By immersing grimy coins in a concentrated aqueous solution of potassium cyanide and then washing in clean water, bright, clean coins are obtained.

Brazil.
Brazil was in 1515 the first American colony founded on an agricultural basis. All the others were mining speculations.

Turkish Cemeteries.
Upon the graves of the dead in the Turkish cemeteries little vessels of water are placed for the benefit of the birds, and some of the marble tombs have basins chiseled out for the same purpose, the superstition being that birds carry messages about the living to the dead and, like everybody else in Turkey, are suspected of being spiteful unless something is done to curry their favor.

The Vandals.
Rome was entered by the Vandals July 15, 455, and pillaged for fourteen days. The empress and many captives were taken away.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Universal Franchise.
A small number of men sympathizers took part in the suffragist parade in New York city, among them several members of the faculty of the Teachers' college. One of these professors had the honor of leading the male contingent and of carrying a banner.

"Did you notice," he asked a friend afterward, "what the inscription was on that banner they gave me to carry?"

"No," replied his friend. "You carried it as if you were afraid some one would decipher it."

"It read," chuckled the professor, "The men vote—why not we?"—Success.

The Storm.
I started out serenely clad With suit and coat, the best I had. It was a night of perfect bliss; The stars were shining down like this:

But after awhile a fearful cloud The shining stars did soon enshroud; The thunderbolts began to hiss, And lightning flashed above like this:

I feared my brand new clothes were doomed As brackish clouds above me loomed. No shelter near, I had to cuss When 'rain began to pour down thus:

—Fort Worth Record.

A Few Changes.
"Well, well," said the man who had wandered back to the old village. "So the Eagle House is still the Eagle House. No change after twenty years."</

Must Andrew Jackson

Models of Andrew Jackson are likely to be pointed out in a practical application of the story told of Franklin. In Mr. J. W. Forsyth's "Anecdotes of Public Men" there is given a story as it was told by James Buchanan at his own table. Although it contained a report from the president to one who was to succeed him, it is said to have been a favorite story at that board.

Shortly after Mr. Buchanan's return from Russia in 1844, to the court of which country he had been sent by Jackson in 1832, and immediately following his election to the senate he called upon "Old Hickory" with a fair English lady whom he desired to present to the head of the American nation.

Leaving her in the reception room downstairs, he ascended to the president's private quarters, where he found General Jackson unheeded, unknown, in his dressing gown, with his slippers on the fender, before a blazing wood fire, smoking a corncob pipe of the old southern pattern.

He stated his object, and General Jackson said that he would be very glad to meet the lady whom Mr. Buchanan desired to present.

Mr. Buchanan was always careful of his personal appearance and in some respects was a sort of masculine Miss Fribble, addicted to spotless cravats and huge collars, rather proud of a foot small for a man of his large stature and to the last of his life what the ladies would call a "very good figure."

Having just returned from a visit to the fashionable circles of the continent after years of thorough intercourse with the etiquette of one of the staidest courts in Europe, he was somewhat shocked at the idea of the president meeting the eminent English lady in such a guise and ventured to ask if General Jackson did not intend to change his attire.

Thereupon the old warrior rose, with his long "olpe" in his hand, and, deliberately knocking the ashes out of the bowl, to his friend:

"Buchanan, I want to give you a little piece of advice, which I hope you will remember. I knew a man once who made a fortune by attending to his own business. Tell the lady I will see her presently."

The man who became president in 1867 was fond of saying that this remark of Andrew Jackson humiliated him more than any other rebuke he had ever received.

He walked downstairs to meet the lady in his charge, and in a very short time President Jackson entered the room, dressed in a full suit of black, cleanly shaved, with his stubborn white hair forced back from the forehead, and, advancing to the beautiful visitor, he greeted her with almost kindly grace.

As she left the White House she said to her escort, "Your republican president is the royal model of a gentleman."

Do You Know—

Content is not the result of getting what you desire; it is realizing that you never will get it and giving up worrying.

It is a lack of a proper sense of humor that inspires even the most reprehensible men to believe that they are good people to give advice.

Many a girl thinks a man is in love with her when he has merely decided that he wants a house of his own in which he can be as disagreeable as he pleases.

Because you deprecate the vanity of others is not absolute proof that you can't swallow a good dose of flattery yourself.

Instead of worrying about how to manage a husband, the wise woman keeps him busy managing her.

The man who can feel downcast about the state of the country isn't the one who bothers much about the welfare of his own family, and vice versa.

Got His Money's Worth.

An up-state assemblyman went to a local hotel of unpretentious character a short time ago and said he wished to rent a room for 75 cents if possible, and not for \$1. The clerk told him there were no 75-cent rooms and that it was only on rare occasions that they let anything for less than \$1.50. It was finally agreed that the man should get a dollar room, and a bell-boy started with him off toward the roof.

Early the next morning the legislator came down to the desk in a state of great excitement.

"Say," said he to the clerk, "what kind of a place is this, anyhow? Why, in the middle of the night two great big rats got out on the floor right in the middle of my room and had a fight."

"Well," calmly replied the clerk, "what do you expect for a dollar—a bull fight?"—New York Herald.

Naming the Gerrymander.

The gerrymander was christened in 1812, although it must have been in operation long before that. A staunch old Federalist, Governor Elbridge Gerry, controlled through his legislature the redistricting of Massachusetts under the census of 1810. In the office of Benjamin Russell, an ardent Republican editor, hung a map of the state as newly subdivided by Gerry and his men. Gilbert Stuart's ready pencil whimsically added to the outlines of a grotesque district the wings and tail of a dragon.

"He!" he said when he had finished. "Have that for a salamander!"

The Republican Russell growled, "Better call it a gerrymander." And American politicians have taken his advice.—Independent.

Winning a Bet.

Lord Marcus Beresford is, like all the Waterford family, full of high spirits. There is but one person entitled to drive down a Rotten row—the Duke of St. Albans—and it is doubtful if ever he cares to exercise the privilege. But Lord Marcus bet he would do it in broad daylight and without interference. The wager was accepted and the time fixed for the adventure about noon. All Lord Marcus' friends came trooping along to see him, but time went on, and nothing could be seen of the sportsman.

By and by a waterbug cart came along, driven by the usual waterman in a smoke. As the cart passed along leisurely the driver smiled, and on closer observation Lord Marcus' friends recognized the winner of the wager.—London Sketch.

A Sticker.

Ella—He is always hanging around. Stella—Yes; I don't believe you could lose him if he were an umbrella.—New York Press.

Kept To The Front.

In his "Yesterday With the Fathers" Dr. William Witherbore Newton tells an incident which fortunately escaped tragedy, serves nevertheless to illustrate the imperturbable self-possession of a famous statesman.

Upon one occasion the Hon. James G. Blaine addressed a large concourse of people. There was a great wooden platform, on which were the speakers and the officers and a famous German band. I had been invited to make the opening prayer. After this Mr. Blaine began his address with the following sentence:

"I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then some one in the crowd called out, "Hurrah for James G. Blaine!" and then a great ovation greeted the Republican leader. At this close Mr. Blaine began again by remarking:

"As I said a few moments ago, I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then a terrible grinding, crushing earthquake-like sensation was felt by all of us who were seated on the platform, and the entire staging went down with a rush. We were tumbled one over another, speakers, officers, German band and all, and for myself I felt as Korah, Dathan and Abiram probably felt when the earth opened and swallowed them up alive in the pit.

Mr. Blaine and I happened to be wound round together, legs and arms in inextricable confusion, and as we were trying to worm ourselves out of the melee he said to me:

"Mr. Newton, isn't there an article in the Apostolic Creed about the resurrection from the dead?"

"There is, Mr. Blaine," I replied, "and there is, also an article about descending!"

When the debris was removed and a place made for the speaker he began again by saying, for the third time:

"Notwithstanding these many interruptions, I am as opposed as ever to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Result of the Vote.

The transcontinental limited was speeding through the wilds of Utah. Two scholars, looking gente near the door of the chair car, were engaged in a discussion on the subject of psychology, philosophy and kindred topics. The conversation grew so animated that the attention of other passengers was attracted. And suddenly one of the quarrelsome scientists arose and said:

"Fellow passengers, I must appeal to you to settle a dispute. My friend insists that not more than three persons out of five believe in a life after death. I claim that a much larger percentage of humanity believes in personal immortality. Will all those who believe that they have immortal souls please raise both hands?"

Every hand in the car went up. "It is unanimous!" cried the speaker in a voice of triumph. "Now, please keep your hands right where they are, while my friend goes down the aisle and collects watches and purses. I have you covered."

And it was even so.—Boston Traveler.

Bathing In Gold.

A Parisian journalist who had speculated in railway shares won 200,000 francs as the result of a lucky venture. Drawing it in gold, he proceeded to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold to the bed and went to sleep literally in the sands of Paotulus. The man was so amazed by his good fortune that he found indecipherable pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concert (he insisted upon being paid in gold) used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soule, wrote a book called "The Memoirs of the Devil." It was successful. The publisher paid him for the first volume \$10,000 in gold. The author carried the gold to his bedroom, poured it into a foot bath and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, which he meant while the biggest of Russians.

Verifying His Statement.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Smiley were giving their annual party, and Mr. Smiley was making his usual speech.

"For forty years have my good wife and I traveled hand in hand down life's thorny path," he said. "In all those years not one single harsh, nasty, unkind word has passed our lips. Isn't that true, mother?"

"Mother" had quietly fallen asleep on the sofa, and as he laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder she snorted defiantly and said sharply:

"Get up yourself and light the fire, Sam. I lit it last, and I'll see you far enough before I'll do it this morning, you—Oh, oh, I—why, I must have dropped off to sleep!"

"And I think you'd better have stayed asleep, Lily," hissed Samuel into her ear.—London Tit-Bits.

The Troubled Professor.

"The professor is so dreadfully absent-minded."

"Yes?"

"He paid marked attention to a pretty girl who lived near the college and was afraid she might get some legal hold on him, so he wrote her a love letter with jumbled ink."

"Clever idea. Yes?"

"Then he made a typewritten copy of the letter for his own protection and finally sent the girl the typewritten copy."

"Lee, Poor old prof!"

"And he didn't find out his mistake until the ink had faded, and now he wonders what in Tophet he wrote!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy Mark For Charley.

Mrs. Green—I tell you it's nice to have a husband who isn't afraid to prate you up to people. Why, only yesterday I heard Charley telling Mrs. Jones that I was getting to be a regular Kautippe.

Mrs. Wise—A Xantippe! Do you know who she was?

Mrs. Green—Oh, yes; I told Charley I'd overheard him, and he explained that Xantippe was the goddess of youth and beauty.—Boston Transcript.

"Does my playing the piano annoy you, papa?" asked the daughter.

"Oh, no, daughter; keep on," replied the parent. "It prevents me hearing a lot of your mother's conversation!"—Life.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Made The Guests Pay.

"Before we left Compiegne at the conclusion of our visit at the court of Napoleon III," writes Mme. de Hangermann-Lindencrone in Harper's "when we were taking our morning tea we were interrupted by the coming in of the major domo, who handed us a paper. We were not unprepared for this visit, as we had been told by one of the guests who had been here before that every one was expected to remain in their rooms until this important personage had made his rounds in order to collect the poubloire. I say poubloire because what one generally gives as a present is lumped into one sum. This paper, which he handed to us almost at the point of his halberd, proved to be a gas receipt for 600 francs—our poubloire!"

"We were rather a subdued party in the train. The conversation mostly turned on the subject of poubloire. The luncheon decided the exact amount that each ought to give. For instance, he knows an ambassador ought to give 2,000 francs. For a minister of state his ourselves could be expected to be out of pocket more than 500 francs. As for the poor nobility of France, they escape with 500! Some were of opinion that it was pleasanter to give on masses in one big sum than to give in dribsles, others thought it more satisfactory to hand one's offering personally to the different servants, but we all with one voice voted the official heads an imposition."

She was Loyal.

During the war between the states Miss N., a high spirited Virginia young lady, whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the south. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote or lined or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words: Pass Miss N. She is an honest girl and can be trusted.

A LINCOLN.

The Message in the Box.

On a table in the waiting room of a specialist is an inked box. When one opens it—and most visitors to the specialist do—a smaller box is found, and one not so large inside that. This continues until finally the last is reached, a tiny thing with a slip of paper inside it. On the paper is a single word, "Curiosity."

"I kept it there to amuse waiting patients," explained the specialist. "If there was only one who went through the scale of boxes he might feel some about it, but he or she leaves the box closed for the next comer, and when there are quite a few in the waiting room it gets to be a pretty good joke, and I can hear laughter as the latest arrival gets along. I picked the box up on a trip to India and happened to leave it in the waiting room one day. Now it stays there all the time."—New York Sun.

Three Choice Durhams.

Senator Depew at a dinner in Washington, recounted a number of Senatorial "bulls."

"It was a Southern Senator," he said, "who once met an interruption with the stern and lofty rebuke:

"The gentleman, like the mounting owl, is always putting his ear where it isn't wanted."

"I think it was a Senator from Chicago who once declared:

"The hon. member of stern necessity darkness every hearthstone."

"And I'll never forget a Texas orator's pathetic cry:

"Will you stamp out the last flickering embers of a life that is fast ebbing away?"

A young negro approached the manager of an Alabama theater the other day and said:

"Mistah, Ah wants to speak to authority."

"To what?" asked the manager.

"Oh, I'm the authority here. What is it?"

"Does yo' want to hiah a good comed-dian?"

"No."

"Ah song an' dance jest lak Mistah Bunt Williams?"

"Nothing doing."

The negro hung around. "Say, mistah," he said a moment later, "does yo need a good potah head?"

"No, got one," said the manager. The negro still hung around. Finally he grinned and said:

"Well, say, Mistah Authority, is yo' got a ole suit of clothes yo' don need?"

Mr. Donald H. Barlow, the eastern golf champion, was talking at the Cape May Golf Club about the benefits of sea air.

"To look at the cottagers and natives of Cape May," he said, "speaks of these benefits more eloquently than I could do. How pale and wan seem city people beside these brown, supple, vigorous men and women."

"An excursionist from the city," she resumed, "said to a fisherman on the beach the other morning:

"Do you have many wrecks here?"

"The fisherman looked contemptuously at the city man, who was in bathing dress. He looked contemptuously at his hollow chest and white, thin legs and arms, and then he replied:

"You're the first I've saw this season."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I noticed as I came in," said the caller to her dear friend the widow, "that you have made a change in your servants. You have a white butler now."

"Yes," sighed the widow. "A white butler, but a negro cook. I go into half mourning this season."—Harper's.

Little Dr. Holmes.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson in speaking of Dr. Holmes said:

"He was a very small man physically. Though one of the greatest physicians in the country and one of the greatest wits and writers, he had almost a boyish appearance. I remember when he returned to Harvard to attend a meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa he had a gown to realize, and he had to stand on a table so that all might see him."

"Dr. Holmes had studied in Paris—quite a remarkable thing in those days and his services as a consultant in serious cases were always in demand in our country. The patient was a woman. As her own family physician entered the room with Dr. Holmes, who had been called in, the patient turned around in bed and said indignantly:

"Doctor, why do you bring that boy into this room?" "Why," expostulated the family physician, "that's Dr. Holmes!" "That's a doctor," answered the patient peevishly. "Take him out!"

"And Dr. Holmes had to leave the room, much to his annoyance. Then the family physician got a chance to explain matters, and Dr. Holmes went in, but, as he confessed to me afterward, with very bad grace. He didn't like to be taken for a boy even by a very sick woman."—New York Tribune.

About the Chinese.

Old women, not young, are the idols of Chinese society.

Elderly men fly kites and play ball, while the children look quietly on.

The very highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have a handsome coffin and a costly funeral. Men wear long skirts and carry fans. Women wear short jackets and carry fans.

When a Chinaman meets an acquaintance he covers his head and shakes his own hand. If very glad to see a friend, a Chinaman very often rubs shoulders with him.

If a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him, he does not ask him to do so, but if he should not want him he says, "Won't you stay and dine?" The visitor then knows that he is not wanted.

Measuring Moonlight.

The full moon is said to give a great deal more than twice the light of the half moon. The ratio is approximately as due to one. Taking advantage of the extreme sensitiveness to light of a selenium cell, experimenters have measured the amount of light coming from the moon at different phases, with the result above mentioned. The reason for the remarkable difference shown is to be found in the varying angles of reflection presented by the roughened surface of our satellite to the sun. The moon is brighter between first quarter and full than between full and last quarter. The cause of this is evident in the more highly reflective character of that part of the moon that lies west of its meridian.

A Window Washer's View.

A window washer was called upon one day to clean the windows of a business concern on the nineteenth floor of a skyscraper in lower Broadway. The cleaner paused in his work as he passed through the lines of typewriter operators as they clicked at their correspondence and went to the window and fastened the two straps dangling from his belt to books at the side of the window frame. He cast another surprised glance at the men operating the typewriters, and as he swung outward over the dizzy height, his weight sustained by the slender straps, he muttered:

"It's mighty odd how some people do make their living in this world anyway."—New York Herald.

Madras Mosquitoes.

The late Henry Guy Carleton, the playwright, lived at Atlantic City, and when the mosquitoes were bad he would tell his Madras mosquito story.

"There are no mosquitoes," he would begin, "in Brittain, and a Breton woman, about to emigrate to Madras, was warned by a friend:

"Beware of the Madras mosquitoes. They have long suckers hanging from their heads, and they will draw the very life blood out of you."

"The Breton woman arrived in Madras duly and as she disembarked she saw three elephants drawn up near the pier.

"(Ciel!" she cried. "Are these mosquitoes?"—St. Paul Dispatch.

Stolen Eloquence.

"It is better to be silent," said a prominent clergyman, "than to be eloquent by unfair means."

"There was once a divine whose good wife said to him:

"James, dear, the Rev. Dr. Teutly has made over \$200 by the publication of a volume of sermons. You preach much better than Dr. Teutly, dear. Why not print a few of your sermons?"

"My love," the man whispered homely, "they were all printed long ago."

The Usual Motion.

To a judge at St. Joseph, Mo., an old negro once applied for a marriage license. It was not the province of the judge to issue such a paper, but, knowing the applicant's history, he asked:

"Ephraim, were you ever married before?"

"Yes, once, Judge," was the reply. "Wasn't that enough?"

"Nebber, Judge, but I want a new trial."—St. Louis Republic.

Spanish grandees delight in numerous names, even appropriating those that belong to their wives' families. One of these distinguished dandies, wandering too far into the country, went astray on a lonely road late at night. He knocked at the door of a small inn, the landlord of which from an upper window shouted:

"Who is there?"

"Don Diego de Mendoza Silver Ribero Guzman Pimentel Gasco Ponce de Leon Guzman Acacno Telles y Gino," replied the grandee.

"In that case," interrupted the innkeeper, closing his window, "go; there is no room here for half of you."—New York Telegram.

"Did you find the promoter of that get-rich-quick concern?" asked one detective.

"Yes," replied the other. "Arrested him?"

"No; not yet. He is a mighty resdy and convincing man. But I managed to avoid buying any stock from him."—Washington Star.

Awed by the Servant.

The amusing mistake once made by two Abyssinian delegates of the East prior to Meccah to France is narrated by the Paris Gaulois. Awed by the splendor of his gold lace uniform and the solemnity of his imposing manner, they mistook the usher at the door of the foreign minister's office for M. de Selves himself. As they were brought into the anteroom the usher was standing with his hands on the door handles ready to announce them. But at the sight of his silver chain, his medals, his sword, his gold topped cane and his three cornered hat the Abyssinians could not be expected to know they were in the presence of a mere servant. So bowing low repeatedly, they approached him slowly and with great respect until they were in reach of his coat-tails, which, one on either side, they seized in their hands and kneeled. The usher did not know what to do, but the appearance of the minister relieved the situation.

The Methodist Won.

Many good stories have been told by Methodist ministers gathered in conference, and one of the best is that related by the Rev. Joseph B. Gingley of Chicago. It tells of a race between ministers of rival denominations to establish a church in one of the Montana towns.

"A Baptist clergyman was headed that way," said the Rev. Mr. Gingley, "and was discovered by a friend in one of the forward seats of the smoker as the train sped westward."

"Hush," said the Baptist to his friend. "Don't mention me. There's a Congregational preacher three seats behind me and I'm afraid he'll beat me to Montana. I am determined to get there first and establish my church."

"But the man was doomed to disappointment, for a Methodist preacher rode west on the cowcatcher, and was digging the cellar by the time the Baptist emerged from the train."—Philadelphia Times.

A Correction.

In a town of such size that every one knows every one else is often satisfactory to speak of people by their first names, even when one would not do so to their faces. The butcher is known as Joe Smith, the grocer as Frank Parsons, the lawyer as Will Andrews, and no offense is meant or taken. One day a friend was helping a teacher of the industrial school to put hats and coats on forty little members of the kindergarten class. Two little low headed girls attracted her attention and as she tied their heads she asked:

"Are you Charlie Porter's little girls?" Two serious little blue eyes looked up at the elder replied:

"His name was Charlie when he was little boy. He's Mr. Porter now."—Exchange.

Minute Information.

"Do you know anything about Marx?" asked the professor.

"Yes," replied the confident student. "It is inhabited by a numerous race of highly industrious people."

"Indeed! And may I ask why you believe all that?"

"Because otherwise it would be impossible for them to build cause as fast as some of our astronomers discover them."—Washington Star.

A National Mistake.

"I wonder why the English people have taken the rose as their national flower?"

"Why not?"

"Judging by the way their peacocks hunt American fortunes. I should think a more appropriate floral emblem would be marigold."—Baltimore American.

The Doctor's Boy.

